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FEBRUARY 7, 1942

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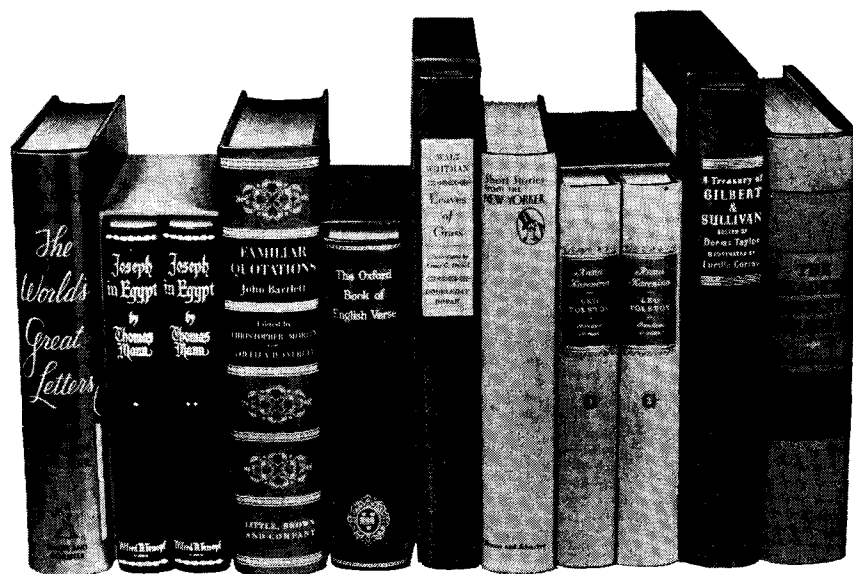
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BERLIN DIARY, William L. Shirer
THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM, Dr. A. J. Cronin
REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON, Margaret Leech
OUT OF THE NIGHT, Jan Valtin
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS, Ernest Hemingway
BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS, Winston Churchill
INSIDE LATIN AMERICA, John Gunther
YOUNG MAN OF CARACAS, T. R. Ybarra
H. M. PULHAM, ESQUIRE, John P. Marquand
KABLOONA, Gontran de Poncins
SAPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL, Willa Cather
MY NAME IS ARAM, William Saroyan
EMBEZZLED HEAVEN, Franz Werfel
NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER, Van Wyck Brooks

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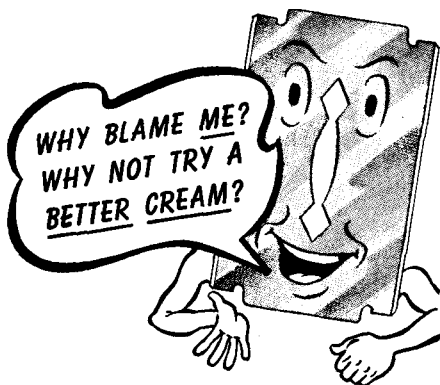
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DON'T BLAME YOUR BLADE

If you get poor shaves too often . . . if your beard doesn't always "come clean", or your face feels raw and tender and irritated, don't be too quick to blame your blade. Blades today are really well made. It might be simply a matter of getting the right cream for your face, so

Change your cream. Try Listerine Shaving Cream with the same blade you were complaining about! No matter how tough your beard, no matter how sensitive your skin, if you're not 100% satisfied with Listerine Shaving Cream, just send the partly used tube to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo. Your money will be promptly refunded. *That's* how sure we are that this *different* shaving cream will delight you!

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Articles
Articles
Syntax
Germany
The Orient
Articles
Articles
Washington
Photographs

ANY WEEK

THUS far, none of our correspondents are taking our American propaganda lightly. As yet we are too newly a belligerent. Well, we've just said farewell to a friend of ours who is leaving for foreign lands to spread the gospel of Democracy amongst peoples currently enslaved by Hitler. We bade him be brave and clever. But our colleague, W. B. Courtney, told him not to be discouraged by the harsh criticism which would inevitably be his. Said Mr. Courtney: "A gentleman in Berlin had suffered for many years from a headache. His doctor diagnosed his trouble as a brain tumor and proceeded to operate. The doctor removed the man's brain. Just as he was about to brush off his patient's brain and recondition it, the air-raid siren sounded. The doctor stuffed the brain in his pocket, rushed downstairs to a shelter. When the doctor returned to the operating table the patient was gone. For weeks the doctor tried to find him, to return his brain. One day he met his patient coming out of Doctor Goebbel's office. 'Oh,' said the patient, 'that's all right. No hurry. I don't need my brain now. I've got a job in the propaganda ministry.'"



AND Mr. Joseph McQuenen of Chicago, Illinois, went home in a taxicab. It was driven by a woman—a stout, vigorous woman who knew her left turns. She told Mr. McQuenen that her husband was off in the Army and that she had taken over the cab. "And I don't want to hear nothing about this being a dangerous job for a lady," she added. "I hear they are getting up a society or something to see that lady taxicab drivers don't get insulted or nothing. Nuts. Listen, mister, I ain't seen the man who can fresh me up in a cab or out of it. All I'm asking is the fare—and a tip if you feel like it. The only guys who can't ride in this cab are jerks who ought to be in uniform. Now sit back and relax and I'll deliver you to your momma just like you were when you got in."

HOWEVER, we're not complaining. Vigilance of that sort is precisely what we need. In fact it is what we needed on December seventh. We have ample evidence that the country is completely conscious of its dangers and that sacrifices will cheerfully be made. A friend of ours has a colored cook

who, if she has any faults at all, may be somewhat too aggressively religious. The other night she addressed her employer as follows: "Ma'am, I been cookin' fo' you twenty years. I always done my best. I am a good church member. I don't curse. I don't use tobacco. I don't drink gin. I don't drink whisky. I don't bear no false witness against nobody. But, ma'am, the Bible say wine is comfortin' and these Jap folks is using' me up so, I was wonderin' if you ain't got a drap of port wine."



TURNING for the moment to military innovations, we are reminded by Mr. Mark Townsend of Jersey City, New Jersey, that he is embittered to learn that a gentleman named Captain Leon J. Shute has registered in the United States Patent Office the idea of metal bumpers on the inside of the heels of soldiers' boots. The Shute idea is that thus equipped the soldier can be heard when snapping to attention. Mr. Townsend says that he has been working for years on a similar idea, except that his heel plates would be equipped with small torpedoes or at least cap-pistol ammunition. Not only would Mr. Townsend's invention have added snap to the soldier coming to attention but his loaded bumpers could have been used to transmit signals. "I got my idea from a lifelong study of rabbits," writes Mr. Townsend. "We rabbit lovers have long since learned that rabbits, the most heel-clicking animals in the world with the single exception of the okapis of Central Africa, communicate with each other over great distances by whacking their heels together in a sort of Morse code."

NOW that it isn't necessary for us to be respectful to the Japs we may tell you that to newspapermen stationed in Tokyo, the Son of Heaven and his empress were always (privately, of course) Charlie and Emma. Naturally it was inevitable that a Jap should occasionally learn that the journalists were somewhat offhand in their references to Their Majesties. One of the globe-trotting journalists with whom these offices is crowded to suffocation these days tells us that a friendly Jap politician once spoke to him about it. "Last evening," said the

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Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

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FEBRUARY 7, 1942

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JON WHITCOM

Hat Design by Lilly Daché.

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Jim eats breakfast at the SUPPER table now!

It's a screwy schedule. Jim downs a man-sized dinner while Mom's doing the breakfast dishes, sleeps the day away, and gets breakfast at the family supper table! *He's on the midnight shift at the munitions plant.*

The night is bright with light when Jim goes to work. Machines that have been humming 24 hours a day scarcely pause as fresh men take over the all-out job of giving arms to Democracy.



CONTINUOUS production makes tremendous demands on men, machines, and on the electric service that powers practically every operation.

But the power is always there—day and night—Sundays and holidays—365 days a year. The electric industry was *ready* when the crisis came—ready to turn the eager wheels of almost every arms factory—ready to meet *new* needs with new construction. 1941 saw more than *2½ million more horsepower* installed—enough to light *one-fourth* of all the homes in the U. S. A.!

America's electric companies have been able to accomplish this by good business management—by producing about $\frac{7}{8}$ of the nation's electric

power and making it available almost anywhere, over carefully interconnected systems.

We're glad we can make this report—and glad to pledge our unending effort to supply millions of Jims with all the electric power they need to make America POWERFUL!

THIS PAGE IS SPONSORED BY
54 ELECTRIC COMPANIES*
 —ALL PRODUCING POWER FOR AMERICA UNDER
 AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. *NAMES ON REQUEST
 FROM THIS MAGAZINE

INVEST IN AMERICA! BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

THE ANSWER ISN'T DOUSING!

"Dousing" with water or anything else when you groom your hair robs it of its natural good looks. Instead . . . try the 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic method (described below). Your hair will be neat all day . . . yet keep its natural lustre!



WANT HANDSOME HAIR ?

...THEN CHECK DRY SCALP!

SOMETIMES you can tell you have Dry Scalp because your hair looks dull and lifeless. But often you don't suspect, until falling dandruff and hard-to-manage hair clearly show neglect.

Don't wait. Start now to keep your hair handsome, healthy-looking. Protect yourself against Dry Scalp . . . this quick yet effective way:

(1) **EACH MORNING**, shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb and run it through your hair. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic has special properties that are ideal for fighting Dry Scalp.

(2) **EACH WEEK**, before a shampoo, massage vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. For the sake of your hair and your appearance, buy a bottle today.



'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no drying ingredients.

By actually supplementing the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp supple . . . the hair lustrous, well-groomed and natural-looking. Try it!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The most ferocious female warriors in history were the 5,000 Amazons who formed a part of the army of Behanzin, the Negro king of Dahomey, West Africa, in the 1880's. Eventually, they grew to be so tough and quarrelsome that the king had to make them wear bells so that civilians would be warned of their approach.—By Nancy H. Millard, New York, New York.

New York City has more than thirty firms which sell postage stamps at "wholesale." They secure the stamps from mail-order houses and other companies that receive large amounts in letters, buying them at the rate of \$100 worth for \$94 and selling them for \$98.

The American Derby run at the old Washington Park track in Chicago in 1893 is unique in racing history. In order to upset, confuse and tire the other fourteen horses and their riders, Snapper Garrison, jockey of the eventual winner, Boundless, jumped off his mount so many times on one pretext or another that he caused twenty-five false starts and delayed the race for one hour and forty minutes.

Some kinds of ichneumon flies have an ovipositor that is several times longer than their bodies and as thin and flexible as a hair. Yet with it they are able to bore holes in the hardest kind of wood.—By Josephine Coan, Geneva, Illinois.

"Seaworthiness" covers not only a ship's condition but many other factors, including the quality of officers and crew. Seamen have won judgments for injuries received on "unseaworthy" ships, in one case because the mate was brutal and in another because the Chinese crew could not understand orders without an interpreter.—By M. P. Warner, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

For every 100 Americans who have blue eyes, 70 have gray eyes, 49 have hazel eyes, 46 have brown eyes and 5 have eyes that cannot be classified for color.—By Ruth Aitken, New York, New York.

Sandfly fever and allied diseases, common in tropical and subtropical countries, are caught only at night because the very small gnats and flies that carry the germ or virus rarely if ever bite their human victims before sunset.—By H. C. Macdougall, San Francisco, Calif.

Many people in the Arctic regions sense the approach of a severe blizzard through an appreciable decrease in their heart action. These reduced contractions not only begin from two to three days in advance of the storm, but also several hours before any warning is registered on meteorological instruments.—By Edward D. Hicks, New Haven, Connecticut.

To demonstrate the power of suggestion, an instructor of a class of forty-eight high-school boys recently passed around a large coin, asking them to examine it carefully. Forty minutes later, he requested each student to draw a picture of the coin, indicating the exact position of the hole in it. Although there was no hole, all but four of the forty-eight drawings included at least one.

Astronomers have recently discovered a number of "black stars," or stars which are not hot enough to give off visible light but which are sufficiently warm to have their heat waves register on an infra-red photographic plate.—By Bruce Cole, Clarinda, Iowa.

Several centuries ago when sanctuaries included secular sections of cities as well as areas around churches, temples, monasteries and royal palaces, Arabia had places of immunity from arrest so inviolable that even stolen cattle driven into them could not be recovered by their owners.—By Charles Creighton, Wheeling, West Virginia.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ARE SLOWLY BRUSHING CAVITIES IN THE EXPOSED, SOFTER PARTS OF THEIR TEETH

Scientific research has proved that this damage to teeth is caused by regular brushing with dentifrices containing abrasives.

Recent clinical studies show that 8 out of 10 adults examined risk this tooth injury because the softer part of one or more teeth is left exposed with no hard enamel to protect it.* This exposure is

usually due to shrinking gums—a condition which becomes more serious as time goes on. Every dentifrice tested containing an abrasive will gradually cut cavities in this softer part of teeth.

You can avoid this serious trouble by changing to Teel Liquid Dentifrice because it contains absolutely no abrasives of any kind.

***AS REPORTED IN AN AUTHORITATIVE SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL**



Enlarged photo of actual tooth

SAVE YOUR TEETH FROM THIS INJURY

by changing to Liquid Dentifrice—
it beautifies teeth without abrasives

YES, IT'S A SCIENTIFIC FACT! Abrasives contained in dentifrices are causing millions of people to slowly injure their teeth.

These abrasives consist of tiny, insoluble particles so small you can't see or feel them. Yet they are so hard that, as you brush them back and forth, they gradually wear away the softer part of your teeth wherever this part is exposed by shrinking gums.

You can save your teeth from this appalling injury simply by changing to the revolutionary, new liquid dentifrice—Teel.

Teel is different than any tooth paste or powder you ever used. It is a ruby-clear liquid containing absolutely no abrasives.

Tests show that it cannot injure even the softer part of your teeth.

How Teel Reveals Beauty of Your Smile

Teel uses a new-type, patented cleansing discovery that bursts into thousands of tiny, cleansing bubbles—actually multiplies over 30 times in the mouth. These bubbles instantly go to work to help remove the daily accumulation of decaying food particles and dulling surface film. Thus your teeth look so much whiter, more thrillingly beautiful.

Also, Teel's amazing action gives your whole mouth a glorious beauty bath—a refreshing clean "feel." It helps sweeten bad breath. A few drops of Teel



MAKE THIS TEST

—it reveals any
abrasive in your
dentifrice

Tonight, put some of your regular dentifrice in a glass of water and stir thoroughly. Let it stand overnight. When you see a white sediment in the bottom of the glass, you know your dentifrice contains an abrasive. Teel, however, leaves no sediment, proving it contains no abrasives whatever which could injure exposed, softer parts of your teeth along the gum line.

in $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of water is delightful as a mouth wash. Try it and see!

Start This Safe Liquid Way Today

Teel is easy to use and so economical. A bottle lasts and lasts. Get Teel today at any drug, department or 10¢ store and follow this safe, new-day way in tooth cleansing. If you feel your teeth need an occasional abrasive scouring, follow special directions on the Teel carton. And visit your dentist regularly for professional care. Procter & Gamble.



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save engine wear and
increase the smooth
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YES—your car will benefit much from an installation of Sealed Power Piston Rings. And so will your pocketbook. These famous piston rings—now available in packaged sets engineered for your particular make and model of car—save gas, save oil, save engine wear. Now, more than ever, you should put your car in A-1 shape . . . because you'll probably drive it longer than you ever drove a car before. So, protect your car . . . and protect your investment in it. Install Sealed Power Rings—the rings used by the manufacturers of over 80% of America's cars and trucks for original equipment. Ask for them by name. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Mich., and Windsor, Ont. *Piston Rings for all types of Automobile, Aviation, Diesel, Stationary, Marine Engines*

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PISTON RINGS**

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An American Airlines passenger surrenders his camera to Stewardess Spinharney. It's a government rule

TRAVELERS from free and wide-open America, flying in other countries, always boiled over at the strict prohibition against making photographs in flight. Back here, they would watch foreigners gleefully snapping pictures from the air. Now and at last, by government regulation, cameras are not allowed in the possession of the passenger, be he on scheduled airliner or flying with a friend. If a camera has to go along as part of baggage, it can but it will be stored in a special compartment inaccessible to passengers in flight.

ARMY and Navy pilots just out of the schools not only have basic instrument (blind flying) training, but must keep everlastingly at it. With bombers and observation types there is no problem. The pilot encloses himself under a hood and has nothing but the instrument board and radio to guide him while the check pilot sits out in the clear ready to take over instantly should the plane get into an air traffic jam.

But with single-seated fighters there's no safety pilot to sit alongside, in front or behind. Yet it is absolutely necessary that the new fighter pilots coming along know instrument flying as thoroughly as the bombers.

The fighter pilot obtains his training under the hood by means of another ship of the same type flying close by with its pilot standing watch. Radio ties them together. In the course of the training should the pilot on instruments get too close to other aircraft, the word is flashed by the check pilot and the hood on the instrument ship is instantly released.

This method of checking blind flying training by remote control was given a most thorough and convincing demonstration five and a half years ago by Majors Ira C. Eaker and William E. Kepner, now colonels commanding tactical air units in the field, both with a long list of accomplishments for the advancement of military aviation to their credit.

Col. Eaker, in a Boeing P-12 single-seater, flew under the hood from New York to Los Angeles while Col. Kepner, in another P-12, hung on his wing to protect the instrument ship from air traffic by radio. Only when landings for fuel were necessary did Col. Eaker emerge from his blackout.

The feat made good reading and was considered a highly successful stunt. But

beneath it, Ira Eaker and Bill Kepner had a more solid purpose which is being put to practical advantage today.

WHEN everything goes smoothly and the plane turns in a brilliant performance, the manufacturer beams all over and accepts the applause. If the performance is not good, he has to take it on the chin, though the failure could be traced to any of many parts of the plane not built by him. Failure of a small pump or cable or something in the ignition system can bring his plane out of the sky to disaster. If it is a military or naval airplane, the builder finds an understanding friend; but if it is a commercial craft, he has little hope of getting back to his prospective customer with the facts. All the outsider knows is that the plane crashed. Probably wasn't any good.

Unless it is clearly defined that some vital part of the airplane such as wings, tail, ailerons, trim-tabs or cowlings failed, the builder is clear with his technical conscience. This looks as if the finger is being pointed at other people who contributed to the ship. They don't get much of a break, for when the plane is declared a huge success, the manufacturer finds it difficult to say in effect, "I owe it all to the perfect functioning of everything I did not build."

Once a type has become successful, manufacturers of the many parts assembled into the model, from bolts and nuts to engine and propeller, find it very advantageous to point with pride to the important part their products played in the successful airplane.

A LOT of very important developments in military aviation took place during the peace years right under your eyes without the underlying motive being exposed. The Air Corps has just noted that 10 years ago its far-sighted defense planners made the first cross-country flight of a military plane formation at 25,000 feet with all pilots on oxygen throughout. It was a formation of nine single-seated fighters from Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, Michigan, which flew down to Washington at that high level. In doing so those pilots not only forecast things to come but proved they could do it. The formation was in command of Capt. Harry A. Johnson, now Lt. Col. Johnson, chief of the Training Division of Army Aviation

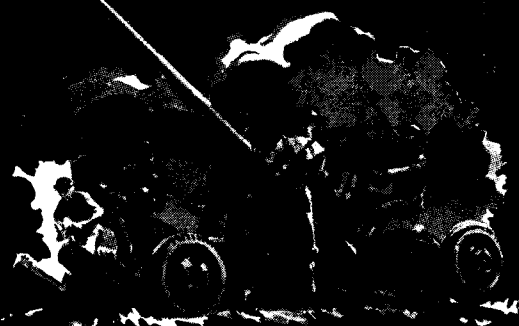
F. R. N.

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The products of 40,000 Bendix craftsmen *safeguard America by land, sea, air!*



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Down scores of production lines that yesterday were only blueprint sketches, the implements of the new-born military might of America roll in ever-swifter procession. Ordnance, bombers and fighter planes, trucks, tractors, tanks and scout-cars, troop-ships and great naval "battle-wagons," lightning-fast torpedo and picket boats and motor launches—all vital parts of the impregnable bulwark of steel which industrial America is so swiftly forging to safeguard Liberty!

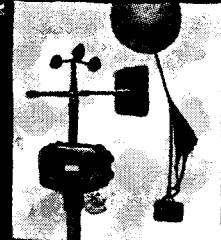
More than two hundred distinct and varied units, designed and perfected in Bendix laboratories, proved on millions of vehicles and planes and vessels, are produced by forty thousand loyal craftsmen in more than a score of modern plants stretching from the Atlantic Seaboard to California—and supplemented by the steady output of many a sub-contracting plant.

The aircraft and automobile industries and our Army and Navy, through whose whole-hearted and close cooperation our own all-out efforts for Victory are so greatly advanced, have just cause for honest pride in a job that is prompt, and prodigious, and properly done!

* Of course, not all of these products are used on any one airplane, vessel or vehicle. However, in certain cases, dual, triple or multiple installations are required. These are not considered or included in the figures given above.



***84
DIFFERENT
BENDIX
PRODUCTS**



***8 DIFFERENT
BENDIX
PRODUCTS**



***7
DIFFERENT
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Two microphones fit against the sides of his Adam's apple. He doesn't have to hold this new "mike"—his hands are free for action.

How can a throat microphone help win battles?

This throat microphone is something new—made by Western Electric for the nation's air forces.

It picks up the vibrations from the flyer's vocal cords. Motor roar and machine-gun chatter don't get in to drown out his radio message. And the battle's outcome may depend on that message getting through.

This important device was developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories, pioneers in the field of aviation radio, and was made in the same workshop as your Bell Telephone.

It is among the many benefits which have grown out of Western Electric's long experience as manufacturer for the Bell System.

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CHINA GOLD

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The story of Elaine Brian, the world's richest girl, who found in China certain enduring things money can never buy

YOUR mother—"the doctor stopped, the dark words hanging upon his lips. Elaine, whom he had brought into the world, stood before him so small, so erect—he knew, for all the magnificence of these surroundings, so alone when—when—

"Go on, please," Elaine said clearly. He went on, seeing that she knew already what he had to tell her.

"I fear your mother will not live the night," he said.

He looked at her, feeling within him the old wretched apology of which he could not rid himself whenever he had such tidings. At this moment he was more than usually wretched because he loved Elaine and he knew about her that which he was not sure she knew herself, that her mother would die, as she had lived, an unhappy woman.

"It is very hard for any doctor to say that he has failed," he said. Something must be said before the stonelike daze in the clear blue eyes of this young girl, a child, in spite of her twenty-one years. "It is especially hard when I have to say it about—your mother."

SHE did not answer. He saw the quiver of her full red underlip. Then she turned and walked out of the house just as she was.

"Elaine!" he cried. But she did not answer. She slipped through the ponderous front door and out into the avenue, and from the windows he watched her walking swiftly away. He did not go after her nor think of sending anyone. He knew her too well, the small Elaine who at five had run away from home because she hated a new governess, who had run away again at twelve because a favorite dog had died. She did not run away any more now, but it was the old instinct working in her. She had to get out of this great grave house.

"She will be better when she comes back," he thought, and then he mounted the wide mahogany stairs slowly. He had given orders to his office that he would not leave this house today. It was the least he could do for Mary Brian, to see her leave without pain this world where she had had, in one way and another, a good deal of pain. It was his duty to keep her asleep until she could wake no more.

At the head of the stairs he met her husband Paul coming out of his room. Both men stopped.

"How is she?" Paul asked. "I do not believe she will live through the night," the doctor replied.

"I grieve to hear that," Paul said. The old doctor could not answer this. He bent his head and was about to go on down the wide upper hall.

"Elaine," the doctor said, "I think you ought to take your mother's rings." "Very well," she said, slipping off the loose rings and holding them to her





But Paul stopped him. "Shall I come in to see her?" he asked.

"Do as you like—she will not know you."

Paul Brian hesitated. The quietness of his voice and his eyes did not change. "In that case," he said, "it seems useless to go in."

He went down the stairs and the doctor watched him, that tall graceful figure and high-held head as handsome as the day Mary had married him, handsomer indeed, now that the head was white. Then he went on down the hall. "Useless?" he thought to himself, "Yes, perfectly useless!"

"OF COURSE I knew," Elaine was thinking. "I knew before he told me."

Yes, she knew this morning when she went into her mother's room. She had known ever since yesterday, after her mother had waked and asked for her and she, always waiting to be sent for, had gone in and listened to what her mother had told her because she was going to die.

But they had not mentioned the word death. "I want to tell you," her mother had whispered in that faintest voice which was no more like her own voice

than—than a dying discord was like what had been strong melody. "I want to tell you—I've left—all I have to you—nothing to your father—except what the law compels."

"She knew she was going to die," Elaine thought, staring down the avenue. "She was telling me so."

SHE had thrown herself on her knees beside her mother's big mahogany bed. "Don't talk about money now! Only tell me what you want me to do for you." Her mother had drawn her brows together in a frown, trying to force the dying mind to work a little longer. "The only person in the world—unselfish love—that faintest voice said at last out of its dim distance, "Mark Chappell—"

Mark Chappell! She had never heard the name before.

"Where is he, darling?" Her own young voice, so urgent with agony, compelled her mother's hearing. For a moment Mary Brian had turned her fading blue eyes upon her daughter.

"I don't know," she said, "not for years. But he is—you must ask for—Father Valerian."

She had leaped to her feet. "Now—I'll go now!" she had cried eagerly.

But her mother had refused that with a weak flash of her old refusals.

"No use—for me," she had said. "I don't want—anybody now—only for yourself."

"For me?" Elaine had echoed blankly. "But, darling, what do you want him to do for me?"

Her mother had struggled to gather her being into herself to answer the question.

"My will—" she whispered.

The words sank into silence. Her eyes, those eyes which for all her life had been so brilliant and clear a blue faded under Elaine's passionately loving gaze and her eyelids trembled and fell. She was gone again into that sleep which was very near death.

All day Elaine had not left the house lest she might be called at any moment. Her mother, she told herself, had always had the strength to do what she wanted to do. If she wanted to speak again she would. At midafternoon Elaine had put on her old topcoat and beret and had gone out to the terrace for a few minutes in the clear early autumn air. But she had scarcely closed the door behind her when Dr. Trent had come down and called her, and she went in crying out, "Does she want me?"

"Fifty a week!" Elaine repeated. She had been given fifty a week for pocket money. But he mistook her surprise. "Not bad, is it?" he said proudly. "Two could live on that much very easily"

He had shaken his head. "She will not wake again," he had said. "Your mother—"

And then he told her what she already knew. She knew but she had listened until it was said and then she had yielded to the old necessity to get out of this house.

Now she walked quickly down the avenue. There were people everywhere—sunshine—it was a beautiful afternoon, the sort of afternoon she and her mother had always loved. "We would have been riding in the park," she thought, her head lifted, seeing nothing. Her mother's slender youthful body had ridden a horse as well at fifty as at twenty.

"Fifty is so young," she thought, the tears scorching her eyelids. "It's so wickedly young to die at fifty!"

She felt herself being crystallized into a hard, clear despair, and in this despair she went steadily on, seeing nothing and nobody about her. Block after block her feet went on, stopping for her at the red traffic lights, going on again. She was not thinking any more, not saying anything to herself, just going on and on, isolated in her pure despair.

"Miss Brian? Miss Elaine Brian?"

HER name, cried out at her, drew her up at last somewhere in mid-town. She stopped involuntarily and saw a woman at a small dress shop where she had once bought something that caught her fancy in the window. The woman remembered her and now seeing her pass had run to the door.

"Miss Brian? I thought it was you! Oh, Miss Brian, we have some lovely new things—"

She shook her head violently and plunged ahead in anger at the gross interruption. At this moment she felt herself knocked aside by a strong impact, spun around and then caught from falling. She looked up into the laughing face of a young man.

"Why don't you look where you're going, Miss Elaine Brian?" the young man asked.

The woman at the door laughed. Elaine wrenched herself out of his arms and hurried on. But she had not gone a half-dozen steps, when she felt her elbow taken into a firm, light grasp. He was at her side.

"You aren't going to get away from me like that," he said. "I nearly knocked you down. At least let me tell you I am sorry."

She pulled her arm away. He knew her name. Anyone who knew her name must know who she was, the daughter of the richest woman in the world. That was what the newspapers always said. "Elaine Brian, the daughter of Mary Brian, the richest woman in the world." Whatever she did, that was the preface.

"I don't know you," she said, moving her arm away from his.

He kept close to her side though he did not touch her elbow again. Instead he put both hands deep into the pockets of his shabby brown tweed coat.

"Why should you know me?" he said cheerfully. "I don't know you. In fact, I don't know anybody in New York. I've only been here a few days."

"Then how do you know my name?" she demanded.

"I heard that woman scream it at you," he said, "and the next moment I had nearly knocked you down."

"Are you sure you haven't—seen me somewhere?" she asked.

(Continued on page 54)



Shadow Over Hawaii

By W. B. Courtney

There is a battle going on in Hawaii that we can never win—one that may invalidate the bravery of our fighting men, the skill of our best officers. It is the battle against hunger and its allies the insect pests

THE roar of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor had scarcely died away before Governor Joseph P. Poindexter reported by telephone to Samuel T. King, Territorial Delegate in Washington, that his only concern now is to make safe the food supply of Hawaii. King immediately sought to have the federal government buy nearly \$4,000,000 worth of food in the United States for the Island's reserve stocks. Starvation, not Jap guns or planes, is the real long-view specter over Hawaii.

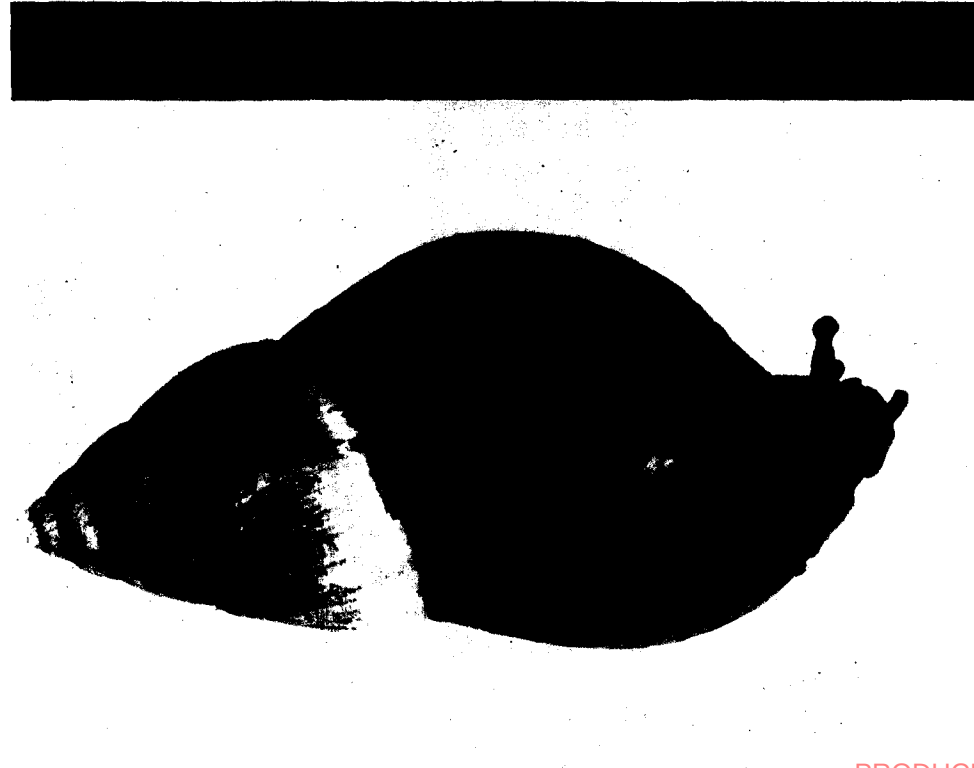
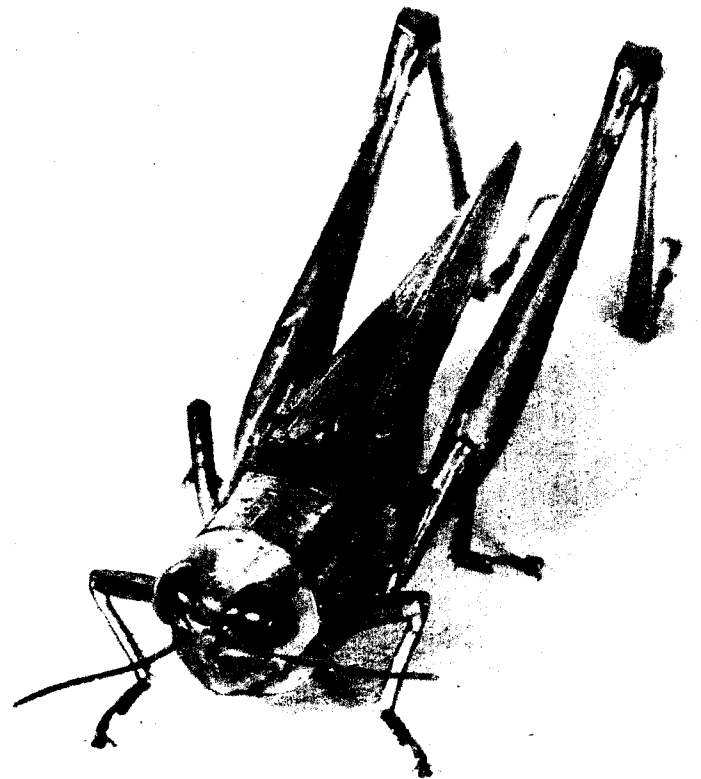
If you have a tourist-poster notion of Hawaii as a lush paradise where all you have to do is toss a packet of seeds out of the window and then forever afterward pluck abundance without moving from your porch rocker—you're wrong. For our first-line Pacific outpost is strictly a man-made Eden. It is not agriculturally self-sufficient. Seventy per cent of its

total staple food necessities, ninety per cent of its fruit, must be fetched in from other lands; chiefly from the continental United States. Hawaii is really an industry—of pineapple and sugar.

A besieged community of more than a quarter of a million people, such as Honolulu, plus adjoining garrisons, cannot live long on pineapples and sugar. Also, there are limits to the quantity and time of storage of perishable food, even "hard" rations. The fortress of Oahu is a long way from aid. More than 2,400 miles of the emptiest and loneliest of seas between the mainland and the Islands fight, actually, on the side of Japan.

The damage to Pearl Harbor, its main Pacific base, and the loss of American warships, seriously impair our Navy's ability to send early and adequate convoys from West Coast ports. It's the toughest line of communications in the world for a fleet that already has too much else to do and is needed in half a dozen other places at once. So the fears of 1917 have risen again over Hawaii. Then the necessary diversion of all our merchant (Continued on page 59)

The Chinese Grasshopper, right, caused much agricultural damage until successfully controlled by an egg parasite introduced in 1930



Today I Am a Man

By Michael Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN



Helen lifted Lumpy. "And don't come back without a contract!" . . . "It's in the satchel," Dickie said

The growing pains of a man whose stock-in-trade was youth

THE yellow roadster sped down the palm-fringed avenue, then turned into the parking lot where Dickie Welles, whistling shrilly for the attendant, sprang out.

Dickie Welles! Not America's boy friend, maybe, but America's boy—a laughing, singing, smart-talking kid, who always learned his lesson before the final fade-out.

You'd always see him as the picture ended, a new man. A new boy, really, for no one ever thought of Dickie Welles as a man. And all this had been going on for ten years—an eternity for a juvenile.

As he hurried across the wide, sun-soaked boulevard to the Majestic Studios, Dickie was filled with elation and nervousness—elation because this was his first studio call in a year, and nervousness for the very same reason.

"Take it easy!" he told himself. "Take it easy!"

A sedate brunette who knew him only because he had an appointment, Dickie felt, told him, "Mr. Rankin will see you in a moment, Mr. Welles."

Mister! Funny to be called Mister! Well, it was about time, he conceded.

WHEN Rankin finally stuck his well-groomed head through the door to say, "Come on in, stranger," Dickie was so sunk in thought that he forgot momentarily to be boyish. He meekly followed Rankin into his office.

Dickie soon gathered himself. "What's cookin', chum?" he asked. He threw his hat across the room to the divan. "Whadda ya hear from the mob?" He started for the portable radio and began to snap his fingers almost before the music came through. "Hit me with a hot note and watch me bounce," sang Dickie.

"Haven't seen you around lately," Rankin began, because Hollywood conversations are as ritualistic as those of the Chinese. No one ever plunges right into the business. "How was the tour?" "Colossal! Sensational! Terrific!" Dickie chuckled. "As a matter of fact, it wasn't so bad at all."

They were finished with the rites in five minutes. Rankin picked up a yellow-covered manuscript and tossed it to Dickie.

"I think we got a sneaker here," Rankin said. "And I think maybe you can handle it."

Dickie glanced at the title: *Anchors Aweigh*.

"Take it home and give it a reading," Rankin went on. "We want to start rolling on the tenth, and I'd like to have it in the can in five weeks."

"Jack Dalton, we are here!" Dickie said, saluting.

Anchors Aweigh. He could do the part in his sleep. Fresh kid comes to Annapolis, has no respect for the traditions, gets in Dutch with the admiral, who is the gal's father. . . . With a title like *Anchors Aweigh*, what else could the story be?

"It's a cinch!" Dickie said.

"Well, I *think* you can do it," Rankin said, but from his tone, Dickie gathered suddenly that there was some doubt—some doubt that had come to Rankin with the past few minutes.

Dickie paused, frowning. "You know I can do it," he blurted. "What do you mean—think?"

Rankin packed his pipe. He was a bit uneasy. "I'm all for you, Dickie. Don't get me wrong, but—"

For a moment Dickie couldn't speak. (Continued on page 38)

CALIFORNIA



PRESIDIO OF SAN FRANCISCO. Less than three months ago an Army public relations officer bombed San Francisco newspaper offices with a complaint. "I know there aren't many troops at the Presidio," he wailed, "but why can't we get a little publicity now and then?" Since last December 7th he's had just one thing to offer to newspapers and to us. It's "Shhhhhh!" And the press has discreetly hushed. But there's no lack of things to talk about, even though we can't tell the folks back home where Johnny went. The Presidio, for instance, is headquarters for the Western Defense Command and the Fourth Army, both commanded by Lt. Gen. John L. DeWitt, whose job it is to see that the enemy tries no monkey business between Alaska and the Mexican border. That's quite an order. The general had no trouble getting the Army going full blast but civilians didn't warm up so quickly. They just weren't "cooking with gas."

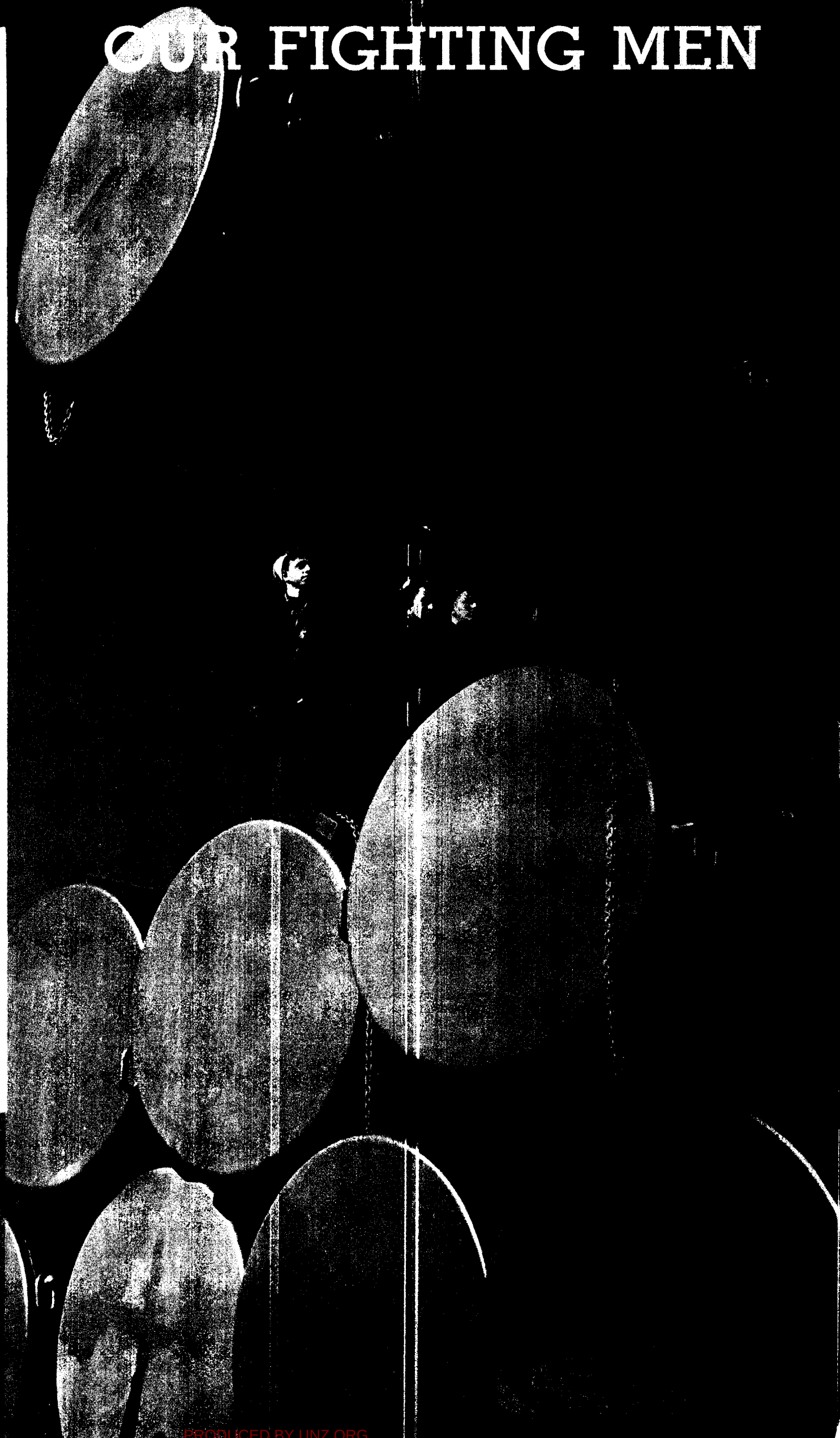
General DeWitt did something about that. He had a little talk with the city fathers, and no one had ever used such exquisite rhetoric on that august body. Reporters finally stopped taking notes; they said there wouldn't be much to write except a lot of dots and dashes denoting words and expressions not found in publications of good taste. A quartermaster sergeant who was on the picket line miles from the meeting swears that half the mules suddenly cocked their ears and started shuddering. "I," says the sergeant, "figured the general must have been telling somebody off." The city leaders gulped but took it, and since then the Army hasn't had to ask for co-operation; the general drops a hint and before it hits the ground what he wants is on the way up. San Francisco figures everything will be in order with DeWitt at the top. He already rates with the town's old-time military idol, the late General Frederick (Chappo) Funston, who came out of this same Presidio one morning in 1906 and helped save the entire city from going up in smoke after the big quake.

FORT WINFIELD SCOTT, San Francisco. The men here have resolved that no enemy ship shall pass through the Golden Gate. From hills, shores, beaches and dugouts the Harbor Defense forces keep eyes and weapons trained on the harbor entrance. Much
(Continued on page 28)

BACK OF THE NAVY. At the Net Depot in the Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Va., sailors put into condition the 4½-ton buoys used to moor AT's, or antitorpedo nets, used to protect harbors and ships at anchor. Net is strong metal mesh. Pictures of it are taboo

GROENHOFF

OUR FIGHTING MEN





The three rolled in the dead, dusty grass. The Blue doughboy fought like an untamed cat, but he was no match for the two Reds

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The Battle

By C. L. R. Fox

(SPECIAL TO THE JOURNAL)

Hunter Liggett Military Reservation, June 26—Hand-to-hand fighting became real in the sham "Battle of California" here today, when advance elements of the Blue and Red armies clashed at Jolon Junction. Throwing down their rifles, the embattled doughboys flew at one another with bare fists in a good, old-fashioned free-for-all. Several black eyes and bloody noses were chalked up before umpires rushed into the fray and restored order.

"The incident, while regrettable, just goes to show the high morale and fine spirit of the troops, and demonstrates how seriously the men of this command are taking their training," an Army spokesman declared.

PRIVATE BUCKLEY looked up from the paper and snorted in disgust. "How can they expect us to believe anything we read in these sheets, when they print guff like that?" he demanded indignantly.

He was in fine fettle for grouching. Having been rushed out ahead of his own lines during the night with one Private Smith and an automatic rifle to cover the company as it moved into position for an attack, he had sweltered

all morning in a shallow, camouflaged fox hole waiting for something to happen. About him, the San Antonio River Valley stretched out like a warped cookstove top, sizzling hot beneath the blistering California sun and as empty to the eye as his own pockets two nights after payday.

Somewhere to the rear, the company should be inching forward through the dead, dusty grass that stood just high enough to hide a man, if he hugged the baked earth and took advantage of every slight depression available. Some two hundred yards to the front lay the San Antonio River, hidden by a fringe of scrub oak and brush, startlingly green in the golden landscape, and broken only by a silver band, where cool water sparkled across a ford. Still farther on, the steep, wooded slopes of the Milpitas Hills rose sharply. But here in the cramped fox hole lay only heat and boredom.

Private Smith ran a dry tongue over parched lips and gazed longingly at the inviting waters of the ford. "What guff?" he inquired idly, wishing he could strip

off his steaming o.d.'s and stretch out in the cool stream for just five minutes. He had not had so much as his shirt off for three days and nights and he was beginning to smell himself.

"This here article here," said Private Buckley in fine contempt. "This'n called the Battle of Jolon."

"Well," countered Private Smith placidly, "didn't you sock a few of them lousy Blues in the puss?"

"That ain't the point," protested Private Buckley. "It's this guff about the high morale and how serious we're takin' this business that burns me up."

"What's the matter with that?"

"It's the bunk, that's what," declared Private Buckley folding the paper and slipping it into the pocket of his pack. The sheet was two days old, but papers were hard to get out here and, therefore, treasured. "Just rotten propaganda to make the folks back home think we like this raggin' around in the dust and dirt, goin' hungry and gettin' no sleep. Look," he added, warming to his argument, "I'll lay you two to one there ain't a guy in a one of these out-

fits who wouldn't hightail it for barracks in a minute, if he got the chance!"

Private Smith nodded morosely.

"And as for The Battle of Jolon," continued his mate, "I know all about that, too. I was there. Both places. Saw the whole show from start to finish. Say," he paused to squint suddenly at the bushes to the front, "what's that across the river there?"

"Three Blues," said Private Smith with considerable satisfaction. "Wait 'til they hit the ford and we'll blast the pants off 'em." He patted the breech of the Browning automatic, trained on the river crossing. "What'd you mean both places? I didn't know there was a second scrap."

"Neither did them newspaper guys," said Private Buckley importantly, "else they woulda had a real story. Better give them babies a burst." He jerked his head toward the ford, where three Blue infantrymen were starting cautiously across.

Private Smith pressed his cheek against the Browning's stock and

(Continued on page 45)

He wanted to be a sailor. Instead, he became an air fighter—the deadliest the world has ever seen. At 27, R.A.F. Wing Commander Malan has knocked down his fiftieth German. Here's what he thinks and feels as the grim score rolls on and up

WHEN Jack Dempsey was champion I knew him well, and when Gene Tunney was the boss of the fighters I knew him well, too. It is the business of reporters to know world champions. The second-raters may be nice people but nice people don't always add up to nice stories, and reporters buy their groceries and pay their rent by writing nice stories.

There never was a world champion who became a world champion by accident. Behind every champion there is a good story. Take Malan, for instance: Kids in England speak about Malan as kids and adults in Shelby, Montana, once spoke about Dempsey, or as kids and adults in New York once spoke about Babe Ruth.

Wing Commander Adolph G. Malan, D.S.C. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, and the Belgian Croix de Guerre, is the greatest fighting pilot this war or perhaps any war has produced.

Up to noon of the day this is written he has thirty-five confirmed victories over German airplanes and fifteen unconfirmed. A pilot says he has an unconfirmed victory when he sends a German plane down but does not actually see it crash. Malan is the idol of the R.A.F.

Now, bouncing around airdromes as I do in the course of my job, I meet a lot of young pilots. It is no secret around the R.A.F. circuit that I am a sucker for pilots, and that any pilot on leave can find bed, board and all the drinks he can handle on my expense account any time he wants. Even the editor of Collier's knows this and winks at my expense accounts because of it. But recently my pilot pals have given me trouble. They drop in and have a drink and then say, "Look pal, you know the Sailor. How about introducing us to him?" Even pilots with blue-and-white slanting ribbon, that tells the world that they have the D.F.C., ask me that. That's how they feel about Malan, whom they call "Sailor." He's the best there is, as Dempsey used to be with us kids in New York.

A Good Pilot's a Scared Pilot

When Malan is on leave I see a lot of him. When he is on duty I go up to his squadron and watch him in action, just as once I used to spend afternoons in gymnasiums watching Dempsey and Tunney and Tony Canzoneri in action.

Yesterday I was with the Sailor at his airport, where he was doing a bit of instruction. Malan has been showing the kids the new tricks. "I'll be glad to get back in action," the Sailor said, dropping his flying suit on the floor. "Had two weeks of giving instruction now, and it's damn' boring after all these months of fighting. Still," he added gloomily, "I may be wrong. I don't know which is worse—being perpetually bored or being perpetually scared."

"You scared!" I said incredulously. "After all your experience, Sailor, don't tell me you still get scared!"

"Anyone who doesn't get scared doesn't live long," the Sailor said. "We all get scared except maybe the first time you're in combat. Then you're too excited to get scared, or maybe you just haven't enough sense to get scared. I'll be back in combat in a few days, and every time I see a Jerry I'll be scared and I hope I do get scared. It'll make me fight so much better. I remember the first time—"

"Tell me the whole story, Sailor," I suggested. "It might help give America a better understanding of what a fighter pilot's life is. Anyhow, give out, Sailor. Tell me about that first time, the day you first went into combat—tell me how you happened to become a sailor, and how you finally wound up flying a Spitter."

"Well," Malan said doubtfully, "it isn't much of a story. Any other pilot could give you the same. But that day—"

It was May 21, 1940, and France was beginning to come apart at the seams. We didn't think about that much, though. We only thought about those Hurricane pilots who were over there; who had been over there doing such beautiful fighting. I was Flight Lieutenant Malan then, leading a flight of six (two



Sailor in a Spitfire

By Quentin Reynolds

CABLED FROM LONDON

BRITISH COMBINE

sections), but so far I'd been leading them nowhere except on nice, pleasant, dull patrols over Dover and Deal and Folkestone and Hastings and places like that. That was about as much fun as it must be for a taxicab driver to cruise around aimlessly, looking for a fare and never finding one.

About noon on May 21, 1940, my flight received orders to get up there and patrol over Dover. I looked at the sky. It was flecked with clouds. I had no hope of ever finding any Jerry kite in those clouds. It was just another patrol, I figured. It made me mad because I knew I had a great flight. We were well trained, we six men constituting my flight. I'll prove it. I told the boys we'd go up to 17,000 feet in formation. To us, "in formation" meant that we were only a half span of aircraft—about fifteen feet—apart.

Since Munich we knew that war was inevitable and that our long training was not merely an academic exercise. We were ready for war. We had learned our job of flying fighter airplanes. Each of us was envious of our mates in France, with their Hurricanes, fighting Messerschmitts and Heinkels every day. Us? We had been guarding London, but Jerry hadn't even thrown a stone at London. This, remember, was May, 1940.

We went up to 17,000 feet and we were in formation all the time. Any three Saturday-afternoon pilots could do that with good airplanes. That sounds easy, but we were in heavy cloud for all but 2,000 feet of that trip. We three stuck in formation, and I felt proud of my two pals on either side of me. Now and then I caught a dim view of the machine to my port (we use port and starboard designations in the fighter command) and when I looked to my starboard I could see the tip of a wing. It was rather exciting. Mind

Wing Commander A. G. Malan, outstanding ace of the R.A.F. Terrier is his mascot, the Javanese statuette is a gift from an admirer in Batavia

you, I never expected to find anything but more cloud above. It was just another bit of nice flying we three were doing. Occasionally I'd yell to the boys through what we call "intercomm"—the plane-to-plane radio intercommunication.

The war had been on for nearly nine months and I'd never seen a German airplane. The eight lovely machine guns in my machine had never been fired at anything but targets. I felt as though they would never be fired. It was a phony war for us. We all felt as though we were well-trained jockeys condemned to exercise horses but never to ride in a race. Cobber Kane and his pals were writing glorious pages of aircraft history only a couple of hundred miles away, over France, but we were the home guard. We were just going through the motions. Oh, we did some nice flying that afternoon. I'm proud now when my wing (that's thirty-six airplanes) does a bit of nice flying. I was just as proud that afternoon because my section, composed of two pals and myself, was doing well. To my left was that little Johnny Freeborn, who had laughing eyes. He could fly an airplane.

Most American and English reporters I know in London and most of our mechanics and ground crews always have slang names for airplanes. They call them "kites" and "busses," or they call them "crates." I'm just a pilot. To me an airplane is an airplane or a "machine." (Continued on page 53)

THEY GO TO ANY LENGTH

By Ruth Carson

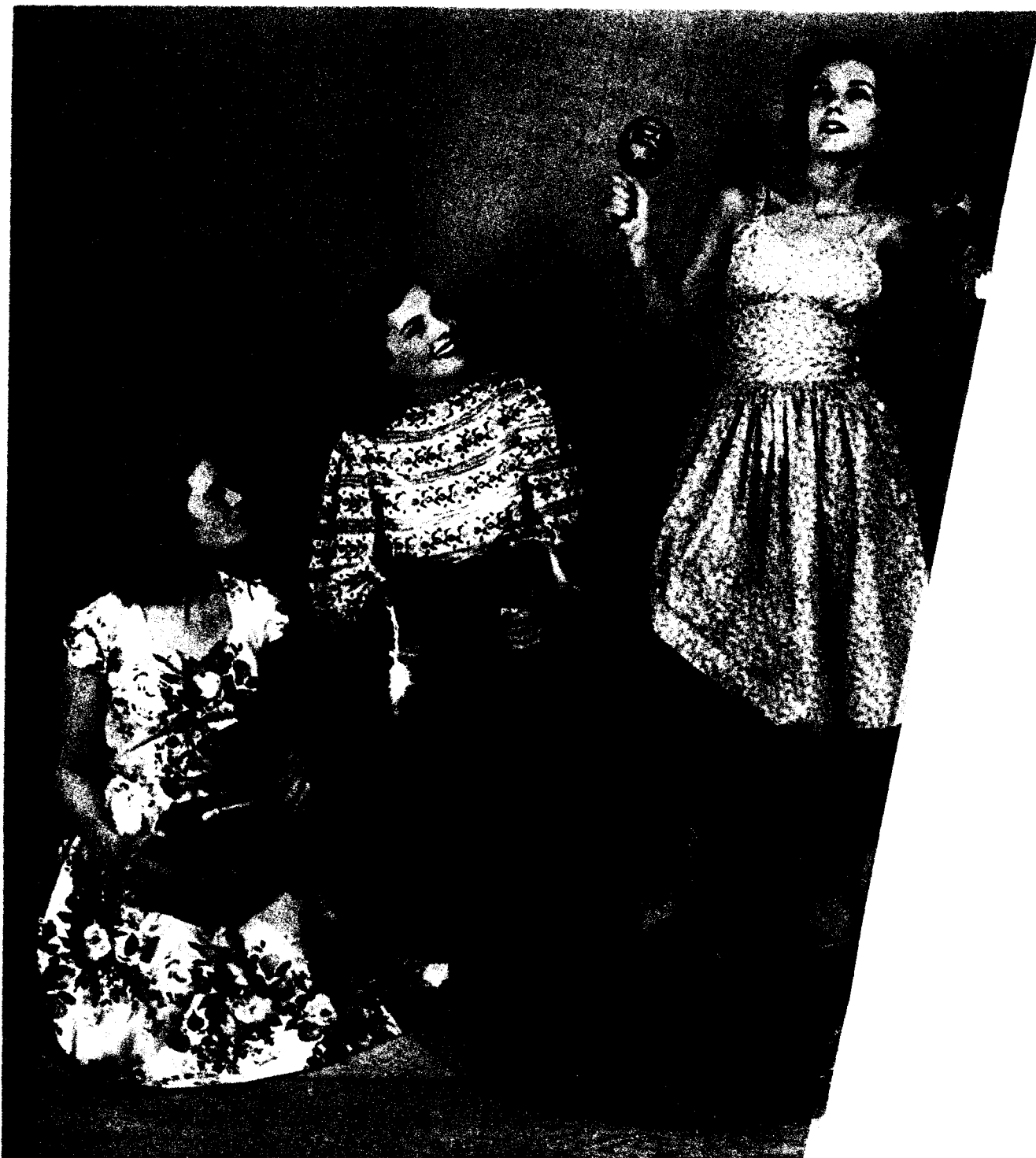
Just-covering-the-knee skirts are popular in play clothes. Drummer Joan Caulfield's flares gently, is made of sateen. Her one-piece shorts outfit underneath is knee-length and slim. Cynthia Hope's green acetate jersey skirt, next, is called semidimndi because it is full only front and back. Her blouse is batiste. Dancer Rosemary Lutz's cotton skirt is coyly looped up with a bow to show her red petticoat. She has a one-piece bathing suit underneath, with mid-thigh skirt. She also owns a green acetate jersey pull-over that is pretty with her costume. Pat Quinn's patch-work dimndi skirt is worn with a cotton blouse

WHAT'S new? What will the girls wear when it's not uniform? Their war jobs come first today. But so do their good looks. Off duty and off with the boys, they're going to look their feminine prettiest. And fashion is out to help.

This was not always so. There used to be a rule. Shorts mid-thigh—no matter how the middle of that thigh looked. Skirts twelve inches from the floor. Skirts knee-high. The edict went out each season, and women fat and lean, old and young, set to work. They shortened dresses, or they let out hems. Every new dress, sports, afternoon or street, hewed to the line. You looked funny if you didn't comply, and maybe funnier if you did.

Now the only rule is variety. Skirts—and pants—go any lengths... from the fewest number of inches good taste will allow to knee to mid-calf to the level of a coquettish ankle; depending, of course, on the costume, and on you. They're full or slim, whichever flatters more. The whole point of fashion this year is to make the most of you, giving you not only variety to pick and choose from, but color. Vibrant colors, pale colors, black used in new ways to dramatize you. And prints. Vivid, exotic, individual. Take a look around the pictures—of play clothes, the most variable breed—and pick your own best style. ★★★

Our six beauties tried on what they liked best. Rosemary Lutz, left, fancies herself in her navy blue cotton knit shorts and cotton jersey shirt. Joan Caulfield, next, is pleased with her cotton romper suit. She has full knee-length skirt to match. Pat Quinn, seated center, is wearing gabardine bra, and shorts that have been copied straight from a boxer's. Pat Fitzgerald, standing center, wears Hollywood's favorite culotte. Candy Jones' linen wrap-around skirt, far right, just caps her knees when she stands. Our hopscotch girl, Bette Miller, wears the briefest pants of all under her short cotton skirt. She also has a matching knee-length skirt and a bolero jacket



Nearest thing to an edict about skirt lengths applies to street skirts: At least an inch longer. Mimi Berry complies in her black dress embroidered with real-looking flowers. Taller girls will try, and like, an even longer skirt that flares out bellshape and reaches mid-calf





Andy Jones goes South American in her black shantung slacks and bolero, or printed blouse. Black is striking for sports this year, slacks are getting slimmer, like these. Candy is one of New York's newest models, and already a hit

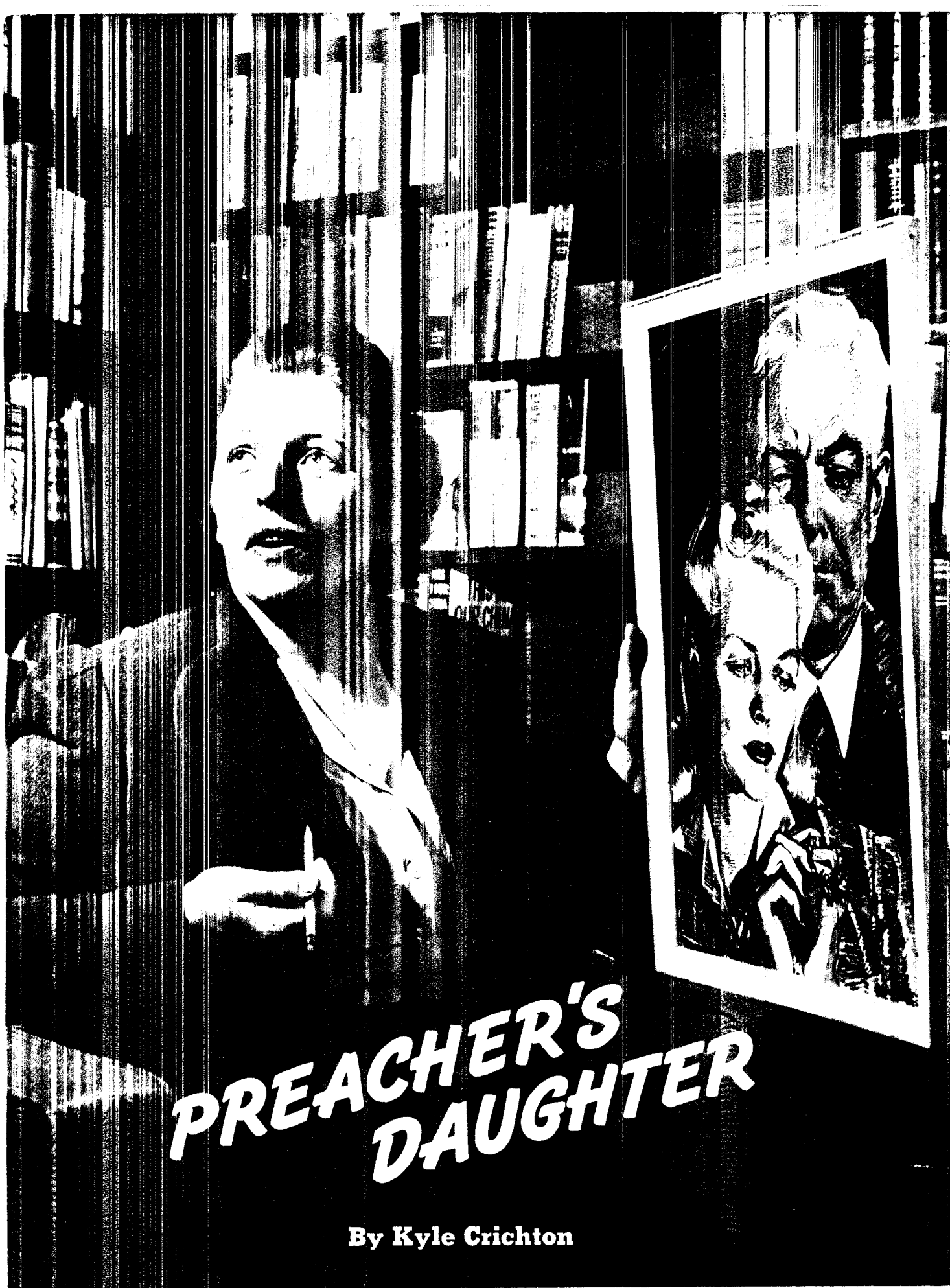


Cynthia's flowered, flounced percale skirt is the newest play-skirt length, reaching to mid-calf. Pretty as a picture. Her one-piece shorts suit underneath is knee-length, pleated for skirtlike fullness. Pat's wrap-around dirndl skirt and shirt are fine plaid cotton, the matching knee-length shorts underneath are slim as a boy's

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS



Culottes are due for a comeback this year, combining the grace of a skirt with the ease of trousers. Cynthia's, standing, left, is one-piece in a synthetic material that looks like linen but doesn't muss. Bette's, right, is two-piece; sharkskin culotte with red jersey blouse and sash, touched with green. Pat's shorts, left, are black, synthetic, cut slim and reaching almost to her knee when she stands—our most frequent length in shorts, and the newest. Candy's black cotton skirt with the many-colored border is the new ankle-length informal for country parties. Newest dance dresses inch up from there to ballet length—in cotton for barn dancing, tulle for waltzing



At her Bucks County, Pa., home, in the Pennsylvania Dutch hills, Pearl Buck inspects Artist Martha Sawyers' illustrations for the first part of her new novel

Her great novels of China, where she spent much of her life, gave Pearl Buck the first Nobel Prize for Literature awarded an American woman. Her newest story, *China Gold*, begins in this issue of *Collier's*

THE first picture is this: We drew up at the store in the little town closest to Pearl Buck's home in Pennsylvania and asked a man on the porch if he could tell us where she lived.

He pushed up the lugs of his cap and then ran the cap back on his forehead slowly. Then he looked at us steadily and took two quick chews which made the bones in his jaws stick out abruptly like semaphores and said:

"Don't rightly know for sure, but I think it's down that there road past the filling station."

"No," we said, "that can't be it. We have a letter here from Miss Buck. She says turn left at the store but we don't know which of these two left roads to take."

The man came down off the porch and in the dusk it almost seemed that

he was smiling. We held the instructions out for him to see, in Miss Buck's handwriting.

"Well, I guess she ought to know where she lives, oughtn't she?" he asked jocularly, after looking at the letter. "As a matter of fact, it's that right one of these two left ones there. Just about a mile down."

The second picture is this:

Miss Buck is living in China, where her father has been a Presbyterian missionary for fifty years. The Nationalist armies are approaching from the south in a revolutionary wave that is sweeping China. Preceding them come rumors of an antiforeign agitation that has caused the death of dozens of white men and women. When the army reaches Nanking, the rumors are only too horribly verified. Friends are murdered and the little party is helpless.

With Miss Buck and her husband are her old father and her two children and her sister and her husband and child. Their Chinese friends face death if they help the Foreign Devils. . . . But there is a Chinese peasant woman who dares death to save them. She leads them to her rude hut, a one-room earthen hovel. For fifteen hours they wait in terror. The marauding soldiers ransack the foreign house; they come to the doors of the hut but turn away because outside are playing the children of the Chinese woman, all innocent. By this time other Chinese friends have been recruited. They bring food, they throw the murderers off the scent, they protect the missionaries.

Such experiences leave marks that can never be erased, but Miss Buck prefers to remember the good side.

"If you use that story," she says, "please point out that although it was Chinese soldiers attacking our people, it was Chinese friends who saved us. They were good friends, good people."

The neighbors of Bucks County are also her friends, eager to protect her from the curious. Pennsylvania is millions of miles from China in spirit but the change has not been great for Miss Buck, because in a sense she is back among her own people. She is a Sydenstricker and her Pennsylvania Dutch neighbors recognize that name as belonging to them.

A Preaching Family

The Sydenstricker family settled in West Virginia before the American Revolution and Pearl's father and five of his six brothers were preachers.

"The preachingest family in Greenbrier County," a reporter once wrote of them, "with dissenting blood as strong as lye."

All his life Andrew Sydenstricker insisted on bringing the message of Christianity to those sections of China that had known the least of it. The family often lived in remote places where no white man had ever before been seen and where the Foreign Devils were hated desperately. There were no houses to be rented; no friends to be found. They were often forced to live in conditions that approached squalor but they always had a home.

"That was my mother," says Miss Buck. "Just by being in a place, it took on the atmosphere of a home."

Miss Buck learned Mandarin Chinese before she learned English. Except for the summer months when the family went to the mountains with the other missionaries, her playmates were Chinese and she attended a Chinese school. Her mother was her tutor in English and the other subjects of an American education.

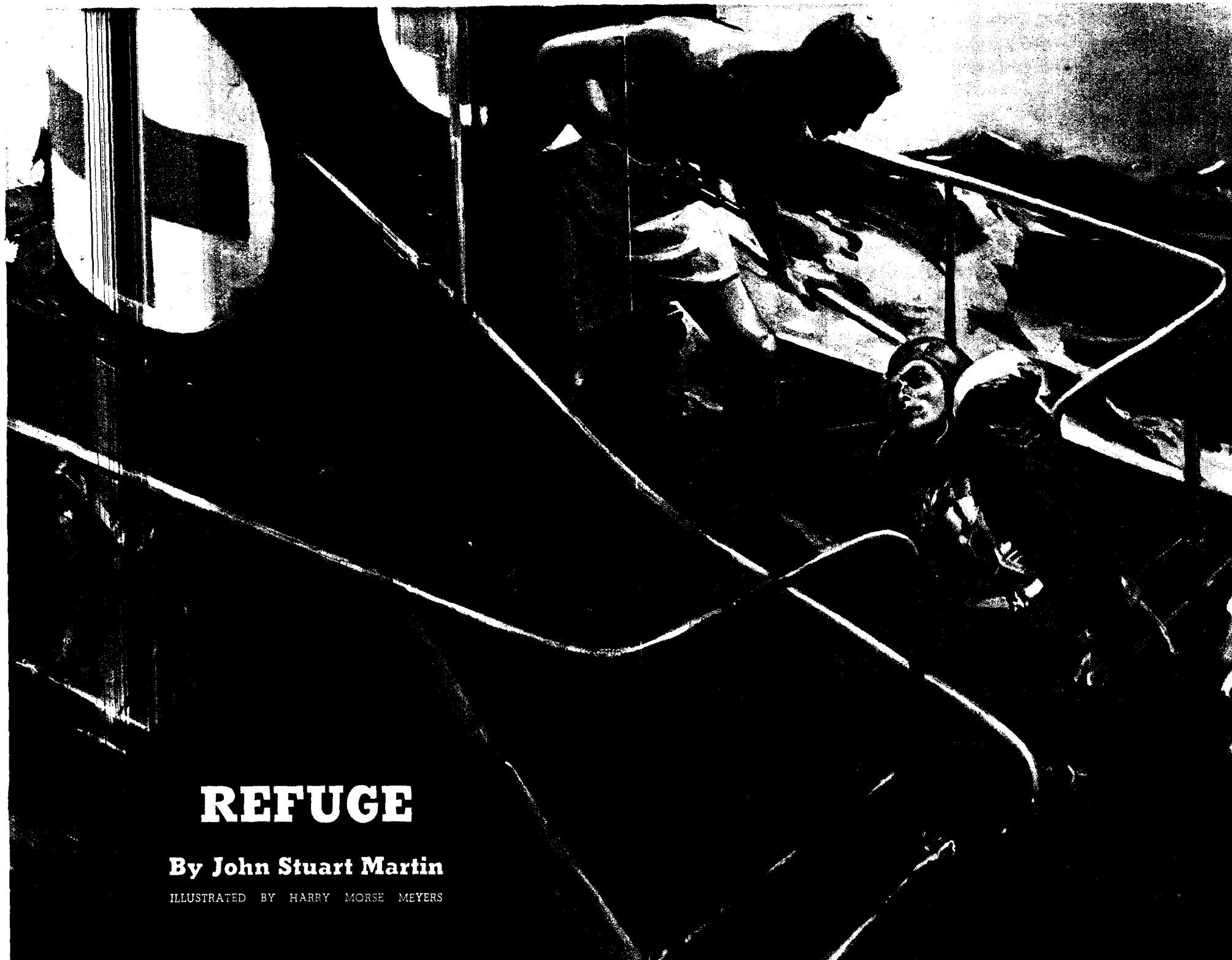
Getting to college was a problem because the Sydenstricker clan was horrified at the thought of a girl doing so. When she tentatively suggested that she had planned to go to Wellesley, the uproar was so great that she hurriedly retracted. The Sydenstrickers had fought for the Confederacy; their niece was certainly not going to a Yankee school. She was glad to settle for Randolph-Macon in Virginia, where her first days were sad because she didn't understand American girls and they knew nothing of her former life. She soon stopped saying that she had lived in China.

"They looked at me with round eyes and seemed to expect me to start speaking pidgin English," she says.

What shocked her more was the cost of education, and she soon found that she would have to work her way through, which she did by tutoring,

(Continued on page 37)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH



REFUGE

By John Stuart Martin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Air Gunner Fleming demonstrates that a man's luck increases in direct ratio to the courage of his fighting heart

The German waited until Fleming dragged himself aboard, then sprung at him

AIR GUNNER FLEMING sat very still and regarded, as calmly as he could, the muzzle of the young German's pistol. Fleming's back was against a steel wall whose rivet heads, big as shillings, pressed coldly through his wet shirt. The steel decking beneath his outstretched legs was cold, too, and across it sluiced a half inch of sea water every time it heaved to a wave. Fleming shivered a bit but otherwise remained motionless, slouched in his corner, forcing himself to relax so that the young German might do likewise. Also, so that his aching body and broken arm would rest for an ordeal that must be only hours ahead, maybe only a few minutes.

Fleming hoped his face appeared calm. The young German, so very young, had been dangerously tense at first, almost beside himself. It was a wonder he hadn't pulled the trigger when the English face and uniform first appeared, dripping and desperate, in the hatchway. From a country boyhood spent close to dogs and horses, Fleming

knew how fear communicates itself, how necessary it is to compel inner calm so that you don't excite the other animal.

The young German was more self-possessed now, after an hour of sitting there, practically naked, with that deadly pistol in his hand. Now the hand was resting easy, downward across one knee. The pistol's muzzle was lowered and the young German, though still alert, had begun to look thoughtful.

The two men—they were boys in years but months of war had aged them—had stopped trying to talk after Fleming's first quarter hour aboard their strange craft. It was a sea-green German refuge float, swinging at anchor somewhere in the English Channel—Fleming wished he knew just where. It had a conning tower like a submarine's, mounted on an octagonal steel hull about twenty feet long and twelve wide amidships.

Fleming had sighted its bold sanctuary markings—red crosses in white circles—as his bomber staggered down

through the fog. He had seen its steel radio mast shear off the bomber's left wing just before she smacked the water. That wrench had helped the fuselage to burst asunder just forward of the tail turret so that the nose and right wing instantly plunged under with the engines, and with the pilot and bombardier. Fleming, struggling free, had kept his eye on those red crosses over the wave crests. Supported by his "Mae West" kapok jacket and propelled by his unbroken arm, he had floundered over to the refuge ladder after a long, smothering agony.

ALL this the young German had seen from the hatchway, but he had waited inside the float, clutching his pistol, to confront his first Englishman. He had waited until Fleming dragged himself aboard, then sprung out commanding surrender in a voice so hysterically boyish that it instantly gave Fleming his behavior cue. Neither could speak the other's language but Fleming understood the subsequent commands: to undress, to show that he carried no side arm or grenades, to sit there in the corner.

The German was too keyed up by the situation, or perhaps by the benzedrine which some of Goering's boys are given before combat, to go on dressing in dry clothes from the float's lockers, at which Fleming's abrupt arrival had inter-

rupted him. When he saw that the Britisher knew no German he had continued speaking in bad French. One of his people's rescue launches would be along any minute, he announced; at most, in a few hours. Fleming, a prisoner, would be questioned thoroughly before being sent to prison camp—oh, but so thoroughly—about Britain's new high-altitude fighter.

Those devilish new fighters! Those long-nosed hell-spitters! One of them had shot down the young German's Heinkel in the same brawl out of which Fleming's Hudson had come crumpling down, only a few minutes before Fleming in this dirty fog. It might delay the rescue launch, this fog, but the launch would surely come. It always visited the refuge floats right after Channel air battles from which any of the Luftwaffe failed to return. And the Heinkel, going down, had had time to signal her position. The young German knew, because he himself had sent the signal. There was no one else to send the signal. The rest lay shot in their seats in the Heinkel by that murderous new high fighter. . . .

Fleming's French was no better than the young German's, but now that the boy had calmed down he guessed the time had come to try talking himself out of this hole. At least to see if this Jerry had any of that decency, that
(Continued on page 49)



CHAMPION STRING PULLER

By Henry F. Pringle

The art of puppeteering as revolutionized by Sue Hastings is a pretty lively affair with such things as dolls doing a strip-tease routine and other bits strictly not for kiddies

ON a lamentable occasion a few years back Sue Hastings and her marionettes were performing at a select New York school for rich young females. It was one of the few evenings of a theatrical nature over which the headmistress had felt no worry. The Hastings marionettes, she was confident, would conduct themselves with the utmost decorum.

That was because she didn't know marionettes. One of the short plays presented that night had a scene in which two marionettes sat in a hammock. The love interest was to be indicated when the girl threw her arms around the boy. At this point, however, the strings of the female marionette got tangled. Instead of embracing her lover she suddenly wound her right leg around his neck.

"We never thought you'd show our young ladies anything like that!" said

the headmistress reproachfully when the show ended.

Producers who are forced to work with living actors tell Mrs. Hastings how lucky she is. They point out that her troupe, which now numbers 2,000, receives no pay at all. She is not bound by the regulations of Actors' Equity. Best of all, the producers argue, her players do not give way to bursts of temperament—to demands for the best dressing room, better billing, a new director and the like.

"No temperament?" murmurs Mrs. Hastings, and then refutes the notion with stories of other mishaps.

This may start to sound a degree whimsy-whamsy unless it is explained that the puppeteers who pull the strings and make the marionettes perform are partly to blame for the temperament. Mrs. Hastings still remembers with horror a time when she was entertaining at a church benefit in a small Western city. She took two puppeteers with her, a man and a woman. The man turned up thoroughly plastered two hours before the performance and the potentialities of what he might do were terrific. She sobered him up, though, and the show went on.

Another near disaster was due to lack of experience on the part of the puppeteer. This was many years ago; today Mrs. Hastings has only experts on her staff. The production, too, was ele-

mentary, a version of St. George and the Dragon. The high moment of the number was when the princess, bound to a tree, was rescued from the dragon by St. George. This time the performance had reached the point where the dragon was advancing for his wicked meal. To Mrs. Hastings' consternation, St. George failed to appear.

"Bring on St. George!" she hissed from her place behind the marionette stage.

"I can't," whispered the puppeteer who was operating St. George. "He's all snarled up."

Mrs. Hastings, manipulating the dragon, delayed the advance of the beast as much as she could. But the audience was getting restless.

"Sing something to divert their attention!" she then ordered her assistant. The boy broke out with the Volga Boatmen—a degree confusing under the circumstances.

Old Art in a New Form

Through such trials and tribulations Mrs. Hastings has risen to her current eminence of leading marionette producer in the world. During a brief season, normally from October to June, she puts on 1,200 performances out of a repertoire of scores upon scores of plays, musical comedies and skits. She often has as many as twelve companies tour-

Sue Hastings poses with some of her prettiest puppets. They are temperamental—like regular actresses—take it from Sue

ing the nation at one time. Her animated blocks of wood have appeared several times at the White House, at the Executive Mansion in Albany, at Radio City's Rainbow Room. Mrs. Hastings has taken the dolls to all parts of Canada, England, Scotland, most of the South American countries, Cuba, the West Indies and the Virgin Islands.

All of this is due in large measure to the fact that Mrs. Hastings revolutionized the art of puppetry. It is an art which stretches back into antiquity. Egyptologists can prove that Cleopatra amused herself with marionettes. During the Middle Ages religious stories were told with small, crude dolls. But in the 18th and 19th centuries, the status of marionettes degenerated. Their appeal was largely for children. They were, in the main, ugly Punch and Judy characters. The radical change effected by Mrs. Hastings lay in making the dolls beautiful and real-looking. She gives many shows for children, of course, but a large number of productions are adult and sophisticated.

(Continued on page 41)

MASQUERADE IN MIAMI

By Octavus Roy Cohen

The Story Thus Far:

ON THE verge of being indicted in New York City, Lewis ("Lew") Hartley, a crooked promoter, looks for a "double"—someone who, resembling him closely, will go to his Miami Beach estate and live there while he, the real Hartley, disappears—after having his face altered.

In Alan Douglas, a young mining engineer who is engaged to Gail Foster, Hartley finds just the man he wants. Acting on the advice of his lawyer, Wayne Hamilton, he gains control of the firm for which Gail's father works and sees to it that Mr. Foster is "framed," accused of embezzling nearly twenty thousand dollars, and told that he must make full restitution, or go to prison.

That much accomplished, Wayne Hamilton calls on Douglas; he tells the young man that Lew Hartley, one of his clients, wishes to go to South America, unobserved by certain business rivals; he says that if Douglas will double for Hartley—after a facial operation (which can later be rectified)—the promoter will pay him one hundred thousand dollars (twenty thousand in cash).

Aware of Mr. Foster's predicament (he cannot produce the sum he is accused of stealing), Douglas decides to save him; he accepts the amazing offer, and he gives his word that he will take no one into his confidence. The following day, he hands Gail a check for twenty thousand dollars; and a short time later—after telling Gail that he is going to South America on a mysterious, secret mission—he sails on a boat bound for far-southern ports. He is accompanied by "Chuck" Williams, a ruffian whom Hartley has employed to watch him—and, at the proper moment, murder him! He does not go to South America—he goes to Havana and from there to Hartley's place at Miami Beach, where the operation on his face is performed.

Frightened, suspicious, when no word comes from the man she loves, Gail Foster decides to investigate. Trailing Douglas cleverly, she finally goes to Miami. There she meets an old friend: Vance Crawford; and there she sees a man whom everyone calls Lew Hartley but who, she feels certain, is Alan Douglas. Again and again she encounters him; on each occasion he is accompanied by Chuck Williams and a vivacious blonde—the real Hartley's mistress: "Sunny" Ralston.

Believing that an interview with Sunny may throw some light on the situation, she goes to work, as a society reporter, with a little magazine owned by a young couple: Lee Thorpe and his attractive wife, Niki.

Meanwhile, Douglas—who has seen Gail every time she has seen him—is worried, unhappy. He knows why she has come to Florida; he devoutly hopes that, in time, she will be convinced that he actually is Hartley. But he is afraid that this is merely wishful thinking.

V

ALAN'S thoughts were interrupted by a light tap on the door leading to the adjoining room. Almost instantly the door opened and Sunny entered.

Sunny's entrances were always dramatic, and this one was no exception. She wore an abbreviated pair of swimming trunks and a rather inadequate halter. Her beach robe was open. She carried a beach bag and a swimming cap in her hand as she walked into the room and said, "I thought we had a date to go swimming."

"We did," said Alan. "And we still have."

"Then what are we waiting for?"

The situation here continued to amaze him: The fact that the public regarded him as Lew Hartley and accepted Sunny as his personal property; the fact that she occupied a connecting room and that the door was never locked; the fact that Sunny seemed to derive a perverse pleasure from the setup.

She was a gay person, and definitely on the pagan side. She had taken life the hard way, and made the most of her natural endowments. She was hard and she was soft, tough and sentimental, unmoral rather than immoral.

HE SLIPPED on a robe and went into his dressing room. A few seconds later he returned to the bedroom, clad in swimming trunks and sandals. Sunny eyed his tall, muscular figure with approval. She said, "You stack up well."

"Thank you, madam."

"And I'm not a madam." She fitted a cigarette into a too long, too dramatic ivory holder and puffed reflectively. "You're doing a pretty neat job,"

he commented. "Aren't you beginning to feel like Lew?"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid I never would."

"Not enough of the wolf in you, is there?"

"I suppose not."

She said cryptically, "It'd be interesting if there was."

"Meaning what?"

She said, "They hired you because you were honest—not because you were dumb."

"I still don't get it."

"You wouldn't get it. You're just not the type." She got up and flung open the door which connected his room with hers. "Maybe I was thinking of that," she said.

He started to smile, and then became serious. He said, "You know better than that."

"Nope." She shrugged. "But I'm learning."

She was silent for a moment and then said, somewhat sharply, "There's a girl, isn't there?"

"Yes."

"And you figure that what she doesn't know would still hurt her?"

"Something like that."

"And maybe I'm not your type anyway."

He said, "Look, Sunny—I'm playing this as I'm supposed to play it. I'm not really Lew Hartley, you know."

"Yeah . . ." She turned toward the door. "I'm finding that out. Let's go."

Alan said, "You trot along. I'll join you on the beach." He closed the door behind her, leaned against it, and drew a deep breath. He thought, "And there's another angle Mr. Wayne Hamilton didn't figure."

AS SUNNY stepped onto the lawn, a slim, wiry, gray-clad figure moved forward to join her. Chuck Williams' eyes were not now opaque. They held a suggestion of warmth, even of humaneness. But his voice remained flat and toneless.

He said, "You been in his room?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"He ain't Lew."

"You're telling me."

Chuck's face flushed. "You like the guy, don't you?"

Her voice suddenly matched his in hardness. She said, "Listen, Chuck: You do your job your own way. I'll handle my end."

His answer was toneless: "I got ideas."

"As for instance?"

"I'll hand it to you straight, Sunny. Maybe you'll like it, and maybe you won't." He spoke slowly. "I been out in the head over you for a long time. That's no news to you. What went on between you and Hartley never bothered me. That's how things were, and I didn't figure it in at all. But between you and Alan Douglas . . . I ain't having any."

She said, "You have a funny way of making love."

"That's how I feel. I'm telling you . . . lay off this guy."

She spoke swiftly: "Just be yourself, Chuck . . . try using your head. But we both know Alan's number is up. So whose toes are stepped on if he enjoys himself a little?"

"Mine," said Chuck. "My toes are stepped on." His fingers closed on her wrist. "You're right in one thing: Douglas' number is up. He's going to get his, and I don't mind being the guy who gives it to him. But grab this, Sunny . . . and hold on to it. If things keep on this way, I'm liable to get mad. When I get mad, I do something about it. So maybe if you don't play it straight, Alan Douglas gets his before anybody expects."

(Continued on page 31)

ILLUSTRATED BY
RONALD MCLEOD

Chuck's insolent stare took him in from head to foot. Alan felt uncomfortable and tried to turn it off lightly. He said, "Do I pass muster, Chuck?"



The White Doll

By William A. Krauss

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE RIGGS

I MET him first in the town—my friend North—when he was stopping at the Hotel des Antilles; and I liked him. Later he took an almost-native house, a place of grass roof and wattle walls, but spacious, with a good veranda, on Morne Muet, remote from the capital, and I called occasionally to see him.

He had come to the island from Chicago. I was given to believe he had been a worker on newspapers. He was tall, with big hands, big knuckles, a brightly flushed face. He was very much a man, North.

And his name fitted him (as a name should). He personified the North: quick, vigorous, efficient. He moved fast and thought crisply, and he held a low opinion of what is often called the indolence of the islands, the *laissez faire*. He made mild jokes about it. He joked too, at first, about the manifold dread superstitions of the black people.

Once—when we had been in the river to bathe, and were mounting the hill to his house in the quick blue twilight—I saw a white gleam in the path—and I dodged violently. A roar of laughter exploded behind me.

"You too!" North cried, slapping my shoulder in an extravagance of merriment; and I composed myself and said, none too clearly, "Eh?"

"But you leaped!" he said. "Magnificent leap! I tell you, man, you're as far gone in black art as the idiot son of my cook—"

I glanced aside at the faintly white object in the path—a bone, a stick, nothing more, of course. And yet—the hill blacks believe that any old bone or twist of paper or white rag planted in the center of a path may be a trick of the devil to snare the unwary. You have only to step on it and your leg will blacken and your eyes grow rheumy and there's precious little to be done to save you.

I laughed, perhaps a little self-consciously. "Listen to me," I said. "That could have been a snake. I'm careful where I tread in these hills—"

"Naturally, naturally!" he said with heavy sarcasm, chuckling his full-bodied chuckle as we continued up the path toward the house and toward his superb rum cocktails.

I WENT to visit him again in April. In the evening we sat on his veranda watching the moon spring out of the distant sea and climb swiftly above the hills. North said: "Have another drink."

I said, "Don't disturb yourself."

"Claircine will fix it." He turned his head and called the name.

I had not heard of Claircine. He'd not mentioned her.

She came on slim bare feet, soundlessly; and she was graceful, as the mountain people are in youth, and supple. She paused beside North's chair, and he spoke slowly to her, smiling, then she turned and went into the house again. It seemed to me that there had been a note of dalliance in North's voice; but I put the deduction aside as petty.

A boy brought the drinks. I did not see the girl Claircine again. Not, that is, until the next month, when I went into the hills again to visit North.

It had been one of those blistering West Indian days of unveiled sun. I was hot, I was infinitely weary of my horse, and I stamped up on North's veranda looking for his customary flamboyant welcome, the clap on the shoulder, the merry grin. The Negro house-boy was in the doorway. He said in the speech of the people that M'sieu North was ill.

And that was true; he was indeed ill. In the bedroom I was shocked by the change in my friend North. His face was drawn and yellowish, his eyes deep-sunk. His hands, on the thin coverlet, were slack and restless, and—when I touched them—feverish.

He complained of nausea and of aching pains in his legs. His head, he said irritably, was a trip-hammer. "You've a dose of ma-

laria," I said. "No doubt about it. I can ride into town and find a doctor and be back here in the morning—"

But he snapped at me. His voice was brittle. "Nonsense!" he said. "I've been taking thirty grains of quinine a day—for seven days now—enough to break the fever if it were malaria in me."

"Yes," I said. "That should do it." I stared at him.

His eyes returned my gaze; and I did not like the look of his eyes. He raised himself weakly on an elbow, and said, gratingly, "Do you know what I'm supposed to believe is wrong with me?"

I sat on the edge of his bed. "What?"

"I'm supposed to believe I'm bewitched."

"Come, man," I said. "What are you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about," he said quickly, "you've dabbled enough in mumbo-jumbo! Listen: Somewhere in the house there's a dirty white doll wearing trousers like mine. And a shirt like mine. With a few of my hairs tied around its head and a fingernail paring—my fingernail—stitched down where the mouth should be. The doll is *me*—"

HIS hand was waving in the air—groping—and I caught it in both my hands. "Easy!" I said. "Easy. Don't work yourself up, man. I know these dolls—*la poupée blanche*, the white doll. A fragment of African magic that came to the island with the first slaves—"

His fingers gripped mine. "Every day a cord is tightened a little more—a little more—about the neck of the little white doll—"

"Who's doing this?"

"The girl," he said, low. "The girl Claircine."

"Why?"

But I knew why. It has happened often through the years, an old story. My friend North had ceased to be amused by her. And then *la poupée blanche*—the hill people have a curiously lingering belief in the slowly strangled little doll, the image of the hated one.

"Get some sleep," I said. "Try to sleep. I'm going for the doctor."

North said to me, "Destroy the doll."

"All right," I said. "I'll destroy the doll. But you get some sleep."

As I went around the veranda toward the stable for my horse, I saw the figure of the girl Claircine in the shadows . . .

We were back in the morning, at seven, Doctor Dufort and I; and my friend North was in a coma, unconscious; he died at noon, exactly at noon. "I am very sorry," Doctor Dufort said when he came out on the veranda. His eyes were puzzled, his eyebrows drawn together in a single line. "Do you know someone called Claircine? At the last he muttered the name again and again—and spoke of *la poupée blanche*—"

"You know the superstition," I said.

"Yes. The white doll. I've heard of it. A fantastic business, stupid and primitive."

"But North is dead."

"Of malaria," the doctor said sharply. "The malignant hill type—"

"No," I protested. "His body was saturated with quinine."

Doctor Dufort shrugged. He lifted his hand and there were several capsules in his cupped palm. "These were by the bedside," he said, "in a box labeled quinine." He broke one open and spilled the powder on the tips of two fingers. "Taste," he said. "Finely ground sugar, a little salt, perhaps some bitter root. But not quinine—"

"This Claircine is a peasant girl," I told him. "But she will be gone now—of course. Into the upper hills."

"It was a form of murder," the doctor said. "Naturally it has nothing to do with a white doll and a tuft of hair and a fingernail paring."

"Naturally not," I said. "Except perhaps in the mind, doctor? In the mind of my friend North—"

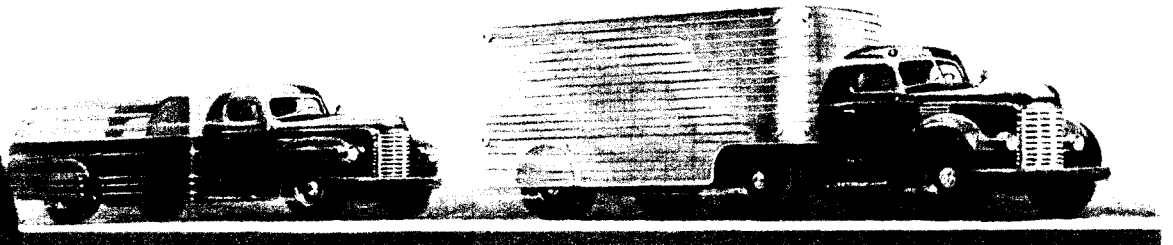
The doctor looked for a moment at the little capsules of sugar and salt gleaming whitely in his palm, and then threw them over the veranda railing into the high grass. "Who knows anything about the mind?" he said, and gave me no further answer.

"Every day a cord is tightened a little more—a little more—about the neck of the little white doll," he said

A SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Service

TO TRANSPORTATION
IS SERVICE TO THE NATION



Keep 'em Rolling!

AMERICA'S TRUCKS are challenged today with the task of doing double-duty and hauling at double-quick time... extra hours, bigger burdens, faster schedules.

The trucks *now* on the job in America must shoulder the major part of the load, for there will be *fewer and fewer new trucks for replacement!* If this spells trouble for your business, here's the practical way to keep trucks on the job:

Give your trucks prompt service when they need it. Give them the *best service you can get*—the kind you find at International's 250 Company-owned service bases and at thousands of International dealer service stations. *Triple-Diamond Service*—

raised to new efficiency to keep America's trucks rolling!

Investigate the International Scheduled Preventive Maintenance Program that is already saving money and delivering increased mileage for thousands of International owners. Inspection of all wearing parts, at scheduled intervals, helps prevent wear before it starts, greatly reduces operating costs, and keeps trucks at work with minimum time out for repairs.

Rely on *trained personnel, modern equipment, complete stocks of first-quality parts.* Let International Service keep your trucks in first-class working condition. Keep America's trucks rolling for VICTORY!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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TRUCK
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SERVICE

"We, the Servicemen of
INTERNATIONAL
will give our best to keep
America's trucks rolling!"

INTERNATIONAL SERVICE



Trainer Frank Hawley cools off one of his customers—Jockey Johnny Gilbert—as the electric cabinet melts away a few surplus ounces before a race. Losing as much as two pounds in two hours is routine experience with Hawley's riders



Hawley's system begins with diet and carries on through exercise, sweating and rubbing. Jockey on rubdown table is Charlie Stevenson



Gym equipment is used because riders must be strong. On bicycle, Jack Shelley. Hawley once took 25 pounds off a jockey in 24 hours

The Care and Feeding of Jockeys

By Frank Graham

Eat for strength and not for weight—that's Frenchy's rule. With it he makes life bearable for jockeys. Every once in a while, of course, he has to melt them down. And here's how

THE little guy studied the menu for a few minutes and then looked up at the waiter. "Bring me some oysters," he said. "Then I'll have a cup of that tomato bouillon, a steak about this thick—medium rare and charred on the outside—some asparagus and lettuce and tomato salad."

"Anything to drink?"

"Some tea, later."

"And dessert?"

"Probably. I'll let you know. Got

any baked apples?" the little guy asked.

"Yes."

"Okay. Bring me a baked apple."

The waiter was a horse player, as most waiters are. On his way to the kitchen he shook his head.

"A jockey eating like that," he said. "Jocks didn't eat like that when I was a kid around Sheephead Bay."

Nor did they. Constantly vigilant in their struggles with their weight, they starved themselves, purged themselves, ran endless miles wrapped to the eyes in flannel and rubber, and knew the tortures of drying out for long hours at a time. These days the boys are more sensible. They follow the Hawley diet.

Ever hear of the Hawley diet? Probably not. But Basil James has heard of it. So have Don Meade and Eddie Arcaro and Wayne Wright and Jackie Westrope and the rest of the top-flight riders, because Frank Hawley, who de-

signed it, trains the jockeys on all the New York tracks and at Hialeah and Tropical Park in Miami, while men schooled and employed by him serve in a similar capacity on the New England and Illinois tracks.

High-Powered Lightweights

Remember that a jockey doesn't watch his diet just because he wants to look nice. He has to get on the scales before every race he rides. Top weight for him is 110 pounds and frequently, because of the conditions of a race, he must weigh less than that. Yet at the weight—anywhere from 100 to 110 pounds—he must be fit to handle heavy-headed mounts. So he looks to Hawley to keep him light but strong.

The diet is only a part of the care Hawley gives a rider but it is an important part, since it is the basis of his

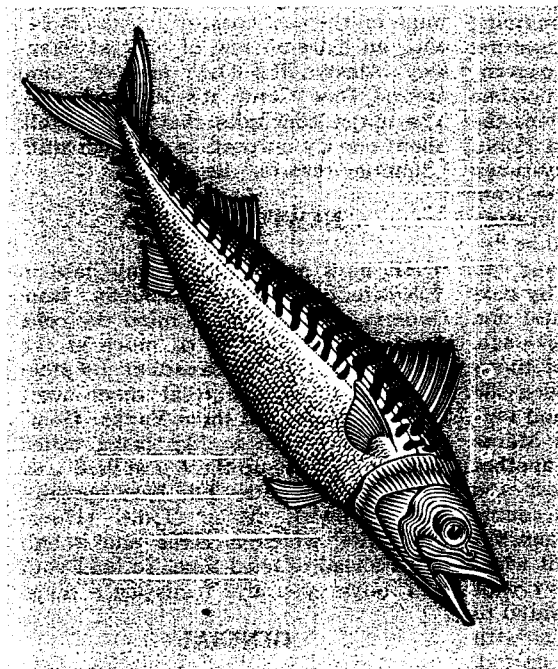
operations, giving him something to work on when he has to sweat or rub a couple of pounds off a boy in a hurry. It is a one-meal diet; for a jockey, up early in the morning to exercise horses, takes nothing but black coffee or perhaps some fruit juice, and his lunch is likely to be an apple or an orange if indeed he eats anything at all.

By nightfall he is tired and hungry. Left to his own devices, he might eat anything put before him or, fretful about his weight, might go on starving himself, as so many boys have done. This is where Hawley comes in. A boy who follows his rules at the table discovers that he can eat heartily and not have to worry about his weight.

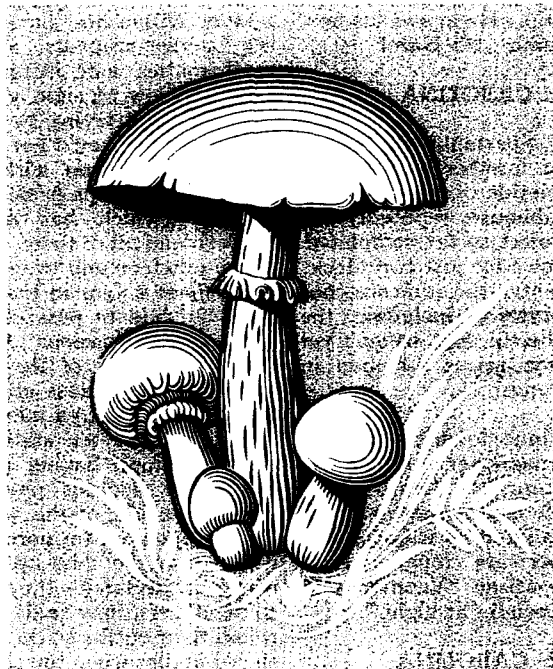
There is no trick to the diet. It simply is well balanced. A boy may start his dinner with raw oysters or clams. If he wants soup he may have a broth or a

(Continued on page 42)

Know your M's



1. This is a M_____



2. This is a M_____



3. This is a M_____



4. This is a M_____



5. This is a M_____



6. This is M_____ & M_____

The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Mackerel*; 2, *Mushroom*; 3, *Meerschaum*; 4, *Mon-
goose*; 5, *Muddler*; 6, *Mild and Mellow Mattingly & Moore*.

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright;
four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience
—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore*.

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discern-
ment and good, sound sense...for M & M is really milder and
mellower than many more costly whiskies.

It's probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

—Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof (also 80 Proof)—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

The Best of 'em is

M&M

Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 15

of the job of protecting the city is done underground; citizens know less of their own fortifications than they do of those of Pearl Harbor or Corregidor. The whole place is blacked out every night; patrol planes, dive bombers and surface craft cruise constantly; anti-aircraft guns and searchlights are ready at any moment to roar and hiss. Every man is on the alert and linked by a communications system which, within fifteen seconds or less, puts lights and guns on anything that comes near the Gate. Latest bit of equipment is a song written by Pfc. Milton Bronstein, C. A. bandsman, beginning: "Keep away from the Gate or be sent to your fate." Tokyo papers please copy.



FORT ORD. "Even," said one of the camp's older residents, "if I didn't know the war was on, I'd know it by the way the gals act now. Before, if you were riding along in a jeep or truck and smiled at a mouse she'd usually give you a nickel's worth of icy smile. Now they practically throw their arms out of joint waving. It's the nuts." Incidentally, the way jeeps and trucks get around during blackouts makes civilians gasp. "Hey," yelled a San Francisco citizen from a sidewalk, "how do you guys figure out where you're going on a dark night like this?" From the driver's seat came one word: "Meow!"

TEXAS

CORPUS CHRISTI. Even larger than the Pensacola Naval Air Station is this layout (Zoom Town, Collier's, June 7th), sprawling across what was a desolate waste of sand dune two years ago. About 2,000 cadets are now in training at Corpus Christi; more are coming, and ten pilots a day is the near-future goal. On the 14,000-acre site young men, direct from elimination bases over the country, are put through primary, intermediate and advance flying paces. With 600 instructors it's the only station in the nation offering three courses at one place. When cadets reach advance training they're ready for the intricacies of bombing, dogfighting, machine gunning and maneuvers of heavy ships. Located ten miles out of the town of the same name, Corpus Christi is a \$44,000,000 (peanuts!) town in its own right, boasting about 1,000 planes, three huge auxiliary fields (thirty-one are laid out on nearby ranches), and the usual number of necessary buildings containing 13,700 tons of steel—the biggest order Texas ever had to fill. What's more, the place isn't finished yet. Rome papers please copy.



CAMP BOWIE, Brownwood. The 142d Infantry motor pool guys use a lot of slang—some new, some old. A naturally good driver is called a Cowboy; one who clashes the transmission is known as a Gear-fighter. They call a radio reconnaissance car a Crackle Crate, a motorcycle is a Popcart and an ammunition wagon bears the appropriate title of Boom Wagon.

LOUISIANA



CAMP CLAIBORNE, Alexandria. Nominated for the hard-luck champ of the Army is Pfc. Curtis F. Kirkpatrick, 2d Bn., 109th Qm. Since just before his induction a year ago, the following things have hospitalized him in the following order: Broken arm, severe cold, lightning bolt, torn ligaments in right leg

(this happened twice), an exploding furnace, a brain concussion and a nine-stitch cut in his lip. He knows his hospital nurse by name. It's Hazel.

SOUTH CAROLINA

CAMP CROFT, Spartanburg. Morale here received another shot in the Army with completion of Spartanburg's \$90,000 USO clubhouse, reputedly the costliest such project so far completed. Located on a choice lot just two blocks from the city's center, the edifice is convenient to everything including the theaters, which, by the way, haven't yet reduced admission prices for men in uniform. How come?

STORIES continue to dribble hither from the fall maneuver area. Latest to reach us concerns the Negro driver of a Camp Croft quartermaster truck who was being quizzed by a Carolinian. "These blackouts are tough, aren't they?" asked the citizen. "Yassuh," said the driver. "Specially at night."

NORTH CAROLINA

FORT BRAGG. They've finally found a way for the soldier in uniform to thumb a ride without getting gipped. The system, suggested by the Replacement Center's Gen. Edwin Parker and followed through by the Carolina Motor Club, works thusly: Membership cards and windshield emblems are distributed to the club's sixty branches in the Carolinas; members of these branches can be approached for rides by service men under three conditions: (1) The soldier must be in uniform, (2) he must show his pass or furlough papers and (3) he must sign a waiver for the claim of any damages as soon as he climbs into the car. Sounds like a lot of paper work but the boys like the system (saves them a lot of dough), and other clubs will probably adopt it.

MASSACHUSETTS

FORT DEVENS, Ayer. What may be the last class to be held here until after the war is getting its final cramming at the Devens 1st Div. West Point Preparatory School from which, four weeks from now, the remaining number of the "thirty best" enlisted men of the 1st and 2d Corps Areas, who started last September, will

match wits with the West Point entrance exams. Four reserve officers (instructors in civilian life) have been pumping the soldier-students with literature, mathematics and history (a concentrated review of eight years' scholastic training) and trying to give them the same routine they'd get at West Point.

The class began with twenty-seven from the 1st Corps Area and three from the 2d (which has no preparatory school), and all of them, who will be between nineteen and twenty-two and will have spent a year in the Army by next July 1st, had to pass stiff mental and physical examinations. Few weeks ago, only twenty-two of the original thirty were left. The class still retained the three 2d Corps Area members and representatives of ten states from Maine to Mississippi, having passed another and more rigorous physical test and completed half of the work. A couple had dropped out for normal reasons but a fourth of the class up and quit when war was declared—they couldn't wait to be officers, they said; they wanted to rejoin their outfits so they could be with their buddies when the shooting started. Most of the other students wanted to pile back into the ranks, too, but were persuaded to stick to their studies.

Staff Sgt. Donald B. MacKenzie, who joined the Air Corps at Mitchel Field a year and a half ago when they converted his National Guard cavalry regiment into artillery, is using the school as a backstairs approach to becoming a pilot. His first job in the Air Corps was that of clerk in the First Air Force headquarters, which, at that time consisted of Sgt. MacKenzie, an officer, a typewriter on a packing box, a pile of War Department bulletins for the sergeant to sit on, and just enough floor space for the officer to pace around in while he dictated. The officer, by the way, convinced the sergeant, between letters, that he should go to West Point.

NEW YORK



PINE CAMP, Watertown. Doubtful boast of this post, where the 4th Armored Division rattles around in 150 square miles of camp territory (second in area to Fort Bragg) is that Watertown winters are colder than those of either Iceland or Alaska. Provost Marshal Maj. Louis W. Bleser thought so even before he asked the U.S. Weather Bureau for the dope; now

he has figures to prove it. Take February, for example. Average daily minimum on the east coast of Iceland is 24° with an extreme low of -3°; at Skagway, Alaska, it's 21.4° and -9°; and around Pine Camp it's 10° and -29°. The major concludes that all this talk about our icy outposts is so much stuff. "Summer resorts," he snorts.

NEWFOUNDLAND

THE boys at the new Army base in Newfoundland come chiefly from Georgia and they don't mind the cold, damp weather nearly so much as the neighboring British, Canadian and other Empire troops who treat them over-hospitably and call them Yanks. Georgians don't seem to like being called Yanks. Reveille up there is at 9:30 A. M. But wait a minute. The base operates on Greenwich Mean Time (Naval Standard), which is three and a half hours ahead of local time; so hold your hats, boys—you aren't missing a thing.

GENERAL

IF YOU'RE a civilian, cut this out and paste it near that rifle you hope to use on a Jap plane some day. This is what to do if an American flier crashes near you. Release the pilot from his safety belt by pulling up on the metal buckle across his groin. Three snaps, each six inches long, must be released to get him out of his parachute. One is on the outside of each hip, the third is on the cross strap. When you've freed your man, get him away from the ship. If you don't know first aid, cover him so he's warm and call the nearest doctor or base. Don't try to give first aid if you don't know how. By the way, why don't you start to know how?

NEW YORK CITY'S Army Information Service for the Second Corps Area is still being swamped with telephone calls which run in pretty much of a pattern: Parents wanting to know how to get in touch with sons in the Pacific; college men wanting commissions, immediately; guys wanting to know how can they get into the quartermaster and ordnance departments. The last query amuses officials slightly. "Quartermaster and ordnance veterans of the last war must be telling these boys what a soft job they had in 1917-18," one officer said, "because a lot of enlistees are trying to get into those branches of the service. Fact of the matter is, today's quartermaster and ordnance men have probably the toughest jobs in the Army—a highly mechanized and mobile Army for which supplies have to be moved far and fast. Nazi General Ravenstein knew what he was talking about when, captured in Libya, he said, 'The war in Libya is a paradise for a tactician, but hell for the quartermasters.'" All of which adds up to the fact that quartermasters in a 1942 war are virtually combat troops, so guys who don't want to fight shouldn't mess around trying to get a job with the Service of Supply. Period.

FROM Chicago, Miss Ruth Stein neatly types: "If, as Robert Dory recommends in your January 10th column, we're going to call our mechanized troops Anzers as an answer to the German Panzers, it looks as though the Axis forces will soon have Anzers in their Panzers."

AND now, a toast to the Japanese navy. Bottoms up! G. W.

NOTHING is to be written on this side except to fill in the data specified. Sentences not required should be crossed out. IF ANYTHING ELSE IS ADDED THE POSTCARD WILL BE DESTROYED.

I am well ✓

(sick)

(serious)

~~I have been admitted to hospital as~~

(wounded)

(not serious)

~~Am getting on well. Hope to return to duty soon.~~

I have received your

(Letter dated)

(Telegram dated)

(Parcel dated)

Letter follows at first opportunity.

I have received no letter from you (for a long time lately)

Signature

Date

G. G. Jones
9 DECEMBER 1941

Navy men in the thick of Pacific operations haven't time to write letters and couldn't tell much if they had time. This card, passed by two censors, reached the addressee in New York on December 30th, its point of origin undisclosed

Hello again...



Coca-Cola

TRADE-MARK

I'm
"Coca-Cola"...
known, too, as
"Coke"

I salute you from the soda fountain. You may not really see me, but I'll be there. I'm a symbol of the life and sparkle of "Coca-Cola." You'll hear my name. Maybe you'll speak it yourself. Maybe you call me "Coke." It's short for "Coca-Cola."

I offer you the pause that refreshes with ice-cold "Coca-Cola." You see, I bring you fun for your money.

P. S.

Everybody likes to shorten words. Abbreviation is a natural law of language. You hear "Coke"... the friendly abbreviation for the trade-mark "Coca-Cola"... on every hand. I tell the story in a picture you have so often heard in words.

COPYRIGHT 1942, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

He's got a bigger job now . . .

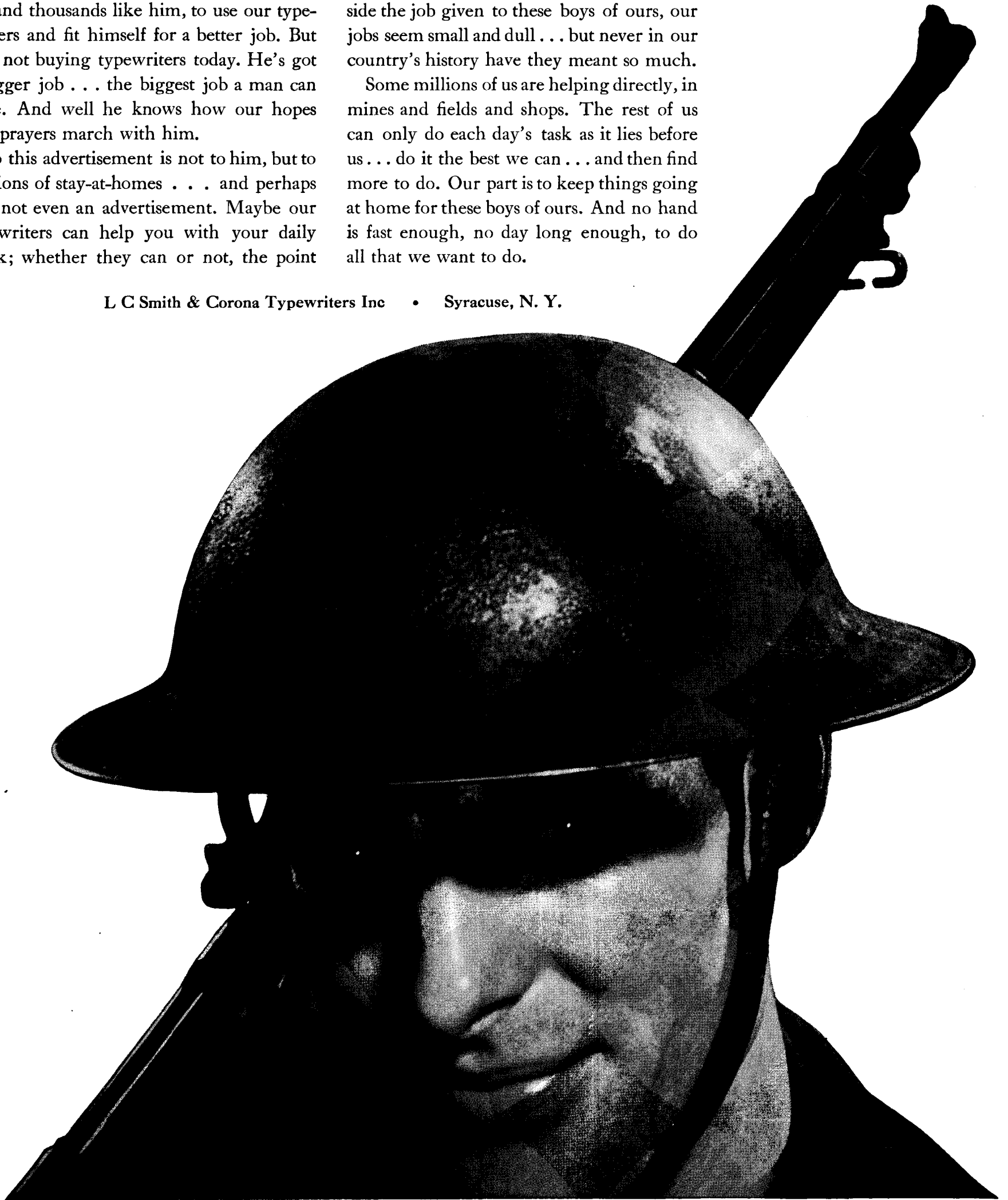
TIME WAS when we could urge this boy, and thousands like him, to use our typewriters and fit himself for a better job. But he's not buying typewriters today. He's got a bigger job . . . the biggest job a man can have. And well he knows how our hopes and prayers march with him.

So this advertisement is not to him, but to millions of stay-at-homes . . . and perhaps it is not even an advertisement. Maybe our typewriters can help you with your daily work; whether they can or not, the point

is that we all have that daily work to do. Beside the job given to these boys of ours, our jobs seem small and dull . . . but never in our country's history have they meant so much.

Some millions of us are helping directly, in mines and fields and shops. The rest of us can only do each day's task as it lies before us . . . do it the best we can . . . and then find more to do. Our part is to keep things going at home for these boys of ours. And no hand is fast enough, no day long enough, to do all that we want to do.

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc • Syracuse, N. Y.



Masquerade in Miami

Continued from page 23

He turned and walked off toward the house; a slim, gray, dangerous figure. Sunny looked after him. The sun baked down on her. She shivered.

GAIL FOSTER walked into Niki Thorpe's office. She asked, "How'm I doing, Niki?"

"Fine. But why you took this job at this salary is something I can't figure." Gail shrugged. "Maybe I am simply allergic to New York winters."

"Maybe. But that isn't the whole story."

"It's enough, isn't it?"

"Sure it is, Gail. But miracles like this don't often occur. You fit right into this screwy outfit and your copy is good. We pay you less than half what you're worth . . . so we're happy. But you still act like a gal with a mission."

"I didn't think I was that obvious."

"You are." Niki was a direct little person. She said, "Slap me down if this is none of my business . . . but I thought maybe it was Vance Crawford."

Gail shook her head. "I almost wish you were right. I don't know a finer, more loyal person than he is."

"Enough!" Niki raised a restraining hand. "When a girl talks that way about a man, she isn't in love with him. I'm sorry. I hoped maybe we'd add you to the permanent Miami colony." She shuffled through some proofs. "What gives this morning, Gail?"

"I'm going out with Mac for some pictures . . . if the idea hits you right."

"Who?"

"Fay Ralston."

"Sunny?" Niki nodded approval. "She's our meat. Photogenic as the devil, and popular with our advertisers. We can give her a nice spread. Tell Mac not to forget that we want plenty of the human form divine." Niki sighed. "I wish I had what Sunny's got."

Gail said, "I thought perhaps I might get a couple of shots of Lew Hartley."

"Think again. Hartley never lets himself be photographed. And if you try it without permission, Mac is liable to lose a nice, new camera."

"Hartley doesn't seem to mind pictures of his estate, or of the copper-haired Miss Ralston."

"Those are things he owns. But if you're smart, you'll keep away from him."

Gail lighted a cigarette. "You've known Hartley for several years, haven't you?"

"Nope. Nobody knows him. We see him: that's all."

"Have you noticed him this year?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Does he look the same as he always did?"

"Just as bad." The telephone rang and Niki waved her hand. "Get going, female. Remind Mac that he knows what we want."

Driving northward on Collins Avenue with the dour little photographer, Gail settled back in her corner of the rattle-trap car and wondered what the next couple of hours held in store for her. Here she was, en route to the Hartley estate—ostensibly for the purpose of photographing the picturesque Sunny Ralston, but actually in the hope of seeing Lew Hartley in his own environment.

She hadn't slept well the night before. There were too many things to think about—now that the appointment with Sunny was definite.

She turned abruptly to the man at her side.

"Mac," she asked, "do I look completely crazy?"

"No," he said. "Not completely."

A few minutes later Mac swung to the right of the avenue and parked. Gail could just barely see over the stone wall which surrounded the Hartley place. She thought, "Alan or Lew . . . whoever it is . . . he's getting a break."

The entrance gate was locked, and they rang the bell. A stocky young Negro in chauffeur's uniform answered the summons. Gail said, "We're from Surf & Sunshine. We have an appointment with Miss Ralston."

"Yassum." Lincoln Jones touched the visor of his cap and opened the gate. "She done tol' me she was expectin' you-all. Jes' foller me in, please."

They followed him in. The gardens were in fragrant blossom, the lawn was velvety. The house was one of those things that looked larger and larger the closer you got.

Sunny came out to greet them. She loved this sort of thing; her pictures in what she regarded as a society magazine. The lady of the manor, she was, and if her status was a trifle on the unconventional side, that did not disturb her in the slightest. She held out her hand. "I'm Sunny Ralston," she said.

"I'm Gail Foster. . . ." The two girls clasped hands. Blue eyes looked straight into gray ones. Gail was thinking, "She's breath-taking!" and in Sunny's mind there was the thought, "She's pretty. And she's got class!"

Gail said, "I was the one who telephoned you. This is Mr. McKinney. We'd like to get a few informal shots."

"The more the merrier. I love publicity."

"Good. Now if we could start here . . . using the house as a background . . ."

"You call 'em, Miss Foster. How's my outfit?"

Gail said it was fine, and she wasn't exaggerating. It was a sports ensemble in white flannel edged with the faintest of yellows. Mac got several shots there, and then at Gail's suggestion, Sunny changed into yachting costume and they walked across Collins Avenue to the private dock on Indian Creek where Hartley's trim 75-footer was moored.

Sunny was bright and vivacious. She had a gay, sharp wit which delighted the other girl, and if, behind those big blue eyes, Gail detected a flintlike hardness, that seemed to her to be only natural.

THE yachting pictures finished, Mac grunted some advice to Gail. He said, "This is all trimmings. What we want is the beach stuff."

Gail made the suggestion and found Sunny co-operative. Mac announced that he'd go on down to the beach and pick his angles. Sunny suggested that Gail come upstairs with her while she changed, but Gail said she'd take a look around the grounds. She gave no hint of what she really wanted, which was—if possible—to find the man who called himself Lew Hartley.

And so she was left alone. She walked toward a vine-covered little summer-house in which she thought she had seen the figure of a man. It might be Hartley; it might be anybody. But it was worth a chance.

She made no sound as she crossed the velvety lawn. And then she stepped under an archway of roses.

The man had his back turned. He was clad in gray flannel slacks and a white sports shirt. He was reading . . . and she saw his body stiffen as she said, "Mr. Hartley . . . ?"

For an instant neither of them

Wotta Man! Wotta Man!



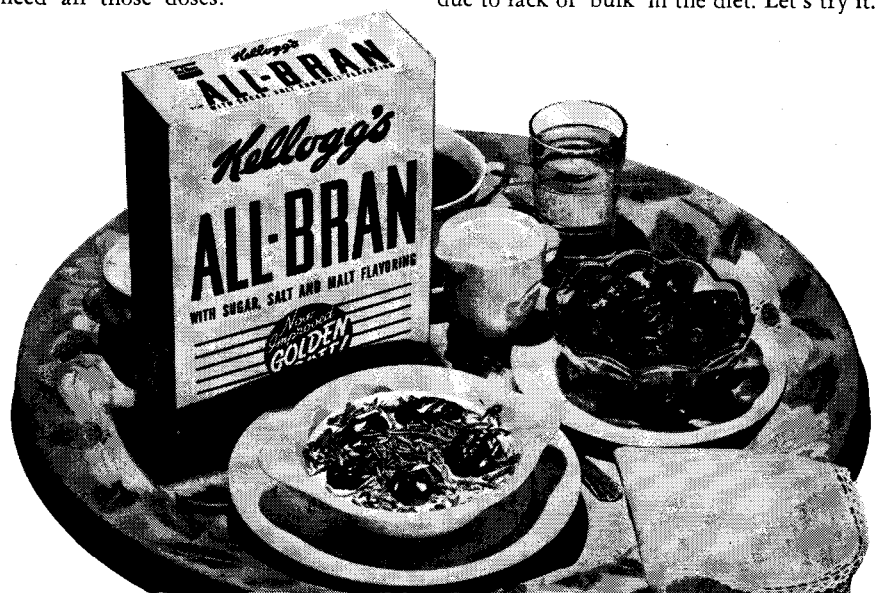
JOHN G. BURLYCHEST is one of those big strong men who believe in grim directness. "Never shilly-shally with life's little troubles," says he. "There's nothing in the world better for you than a good, strong, old-fashioned purge."



BUT THE MRS. has other ideas. "You and your cave-man cures!" says she. "Did it ever occur to my unsnubbed hero to find and correct the cause of his condition? Then you wouldn't need all those doses!"

"**GIVE UP!**" says our hero. "But just how do you propose to accomplish it?"

"With nothing more than a crisp, delicious cereal, **KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**. It has just what it takes to get at the cause of constipation due to lack of 'bulk' in the diet. Let's try it."



"**SAY!**" **HOLLERS JOHN G.**, with his mouth full of this crunchy breakfast treat. "Why haven't I known about *this* before? If a trick as good as this can make you 'Join the Regulars,' I'm signing up right now!"

"But you'll have to stay with it," says the Mrs. "Eat **ALL-BRAN** every day and be sure to drink plenty of water."

Join the "Regulars" with

Kellogg's All-Bran

TRY IT TOMORROW WITH CALIFORNIA PRUNES

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT 1942, BY KELLOGG COMPANY



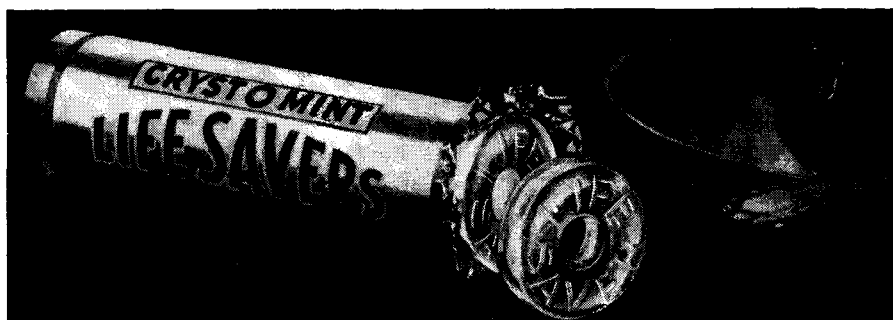
Many a romance has tough sledding when unpleasant breath sets in. But it's all downhill again when you sweeten up with delicious, breath-taking CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS.



Top off an evening of "bottoms-up" with WINT-O-GREEN LIFE SAVERS. They make your mouth daisy fresh and your breath sweet as a rose.



For wetting your whistle while you work (such as your entry in the new LIFE SAVERS contest), keep cool, tangy CRYST-O-MINTS at your elbow.



\$2500⁰⁰ IN CASH PRIZES!

Tell us in 10 words or less why you like
CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS

1. Each week for 10 separate weekly contests, 26 cash prizes will be awarded. 1st Prize: \$100.00 cash; 5 cash prizes of \$10.00 each; 20 cash prizes of \$5.00 each.

2. Enter each weekly contest as many times as you wish. First week's contest ends Jan. 24th; the last and tenth week's contest ends March 28th. Send entries to Life Savers Contest Editor, Port Chester, N. Y.

3. Include a Cryst-O-Mint Life Saver wrapper (full-size package) or a reasonable facsimile with each entry.

4. One of your words *must* be CRYST-O-MINT (counts one word.) You need not use LIFE

SAVERS (two words), unless you wish.

5. Prizes are awarded for answers best for advertising purposes, in the opinion of the judges.

6. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be given. Decisions of the judges will be final. Contest open to residents of U.S. and Canada. All entries become property of Life Savers.

7. Each week's contest closes Saturday midnight. The date your entry is received at post office in Port Chester, N. Y., (In Canada: Hamilton, Ont.,) is official date of entry. Prize winners will be notified by mail.

8. Employees of Life Savers or their advertising agency, or their families, may NOT enter.

moved. Then the man put down his book and got slowly to his feet. He turned toward her, and here—at close range—her sense of shock was greater than ever before.

The face, with its sinister scar over the left eye, the mustache which made the mouth look cruel, the hawklike nose . . . these features blotted out all the other familiar details. It was a powerful, ruthless, repellent face, and the voice which emerged from it was harsh.

The man said, "What are you doing here?"

She drew in her breath sharply. It was as though she had been slapped. At that moment there was no thought of Alan. This was merely an arrogant, boorish individual who made her mad.

Her intelligence came to her rescue. Here was her chance to establish once and for all whether this really could be the man to whom she was engaged.

"I'm sorry," she said gently. "I didn't realize . . ."

"Who are you?"

"I'm Gail Foster. I'm here for Surf & Sunshine . . . getting some pictures of Miss Ralston."

"All right. Get 'em. But let me alone."

She was trembling. She said, "You're Mr. Hartley, aren't you?"

"Yes. Now get away."

"I'd like to take a couple of pictures . . ."

"What kind of dumb fools do you work for? They ought to know that I don't go for that stuff."

Gail's anger was mounting. Alan saw that, and was glad. This was tough on her, but it was tough on him, too. He was goading her deliberately, hoping to play his unpleasant role so well that she would be convinced.

He took one step toward her. He said, "That's the trouble with you newspaper people. You're too nosy."

He turned and strode from the summerhouse. Gail, staring after him, was too shaken to remember her doubts. Actually, Alan had succeeded better than he could have hoped. Because she was thinking, "This is the maddest thing of all. Even if Alan were playing a part—he couldn't be that way. Not Alan."

Her knees were shaking as she moved back toward the house. From a second-floor window Sunny hailed her, asking her to come upstairs to make her own selection of bathing costumes. Gail walked through the magnificent home, noticing nothing; her head spinning, her hopes dispelled. Sunny greeted her in the hall and blinked, "Who did what to you?" she inquired. "You look awful."

GAIL followed her into the elaborate blue and white bedroom. She said, "I happened to meet Mr. Hartley. I don't like him."

Sunny threw back her head and laughed. "He's not so bad."

They went over Sunny's lavish collection of bathing costumes. All were picturesque, all were scant. The selection was not too difficult. Sunny saw that her guest was still upset, so she said, "Forget it." She held up a finger suddenly and silence fell between them. They heard footsteps; someone pacing up and down the room which adjoined Sunny's.

Miss Ralston said, "He's in there." And then, as an afterthought . . . "That's his bedroom."

Gail glanced at the white-paneled door. Lew Hartley's room . . . connecting with Sunny's. Oddly enough, she didn't get the reaction she expected. She was still too deeply under the influence of Lew Hartley's brutality to think of him as Alan.

She felt a trifle better when they joined the dour Mac on the beach. But all through the balance of that day she

was miserably unsure of herself. Her quest seemed at an end. Her instinct—which had started her on this crazy quest—now seemed ridiculous.

She went home late that afternoon feeling jittery. Nothing was right . . . nothing seemed to come out even. The thousand questions which she had never yet succeeded in answering seemed more unanswerable than ever.

AT SIX o'clock Vance Crawford walked into his office for a last look around before calling it a day. His secretary said, "Miss Foster has called you a dozen times, Mr. Crawford. She says please telephone her immediately at home."

Vance dialed the number. It was a tight, tense voice which came to him over the wire . . . a voice which didn't sound at all like Gail Foster's.

She said, "I hope you haven't a date for tonight, Vance."

"I haven't."

"How soon can you get here?"

"Well, shuh, honey . . . I don't rightly know. Of course, if it's important . . ."

"It is."

"Okay, Gail. I'm practically there right now."

She was waiting at the curb. She said, "Drive me somewhere. I want to talk."

He drove silently for a few seconds, then his slow, soothing drawl came to her: "Relax, lady. You've got yo'self tight as a fiddlestring."

She said, "Listen, Vance. I want to tell you a story. I'm going to tell it the long way . . . so you'll get the picture as I got it. It's important."

Evening was upon them and the air was cool. He drove where there was little traffic, where nothing but the booming of the surf could be heard.

She told him of her visit to Lew Hartley's home. She told him how she had gone there and why. She told him of the brief, brutal conversation in the summerhouse, and of her reaction. And then she stopped talking.

Vance said, "And so you were convinced that you were wrong, weren't you, honey?"

"Yes."

"But something happened since then." It was a statement, not a question.

"Yes."

"Tell me."

She said, "When I got home tonight, I received a letter from Alan. It had gone to New York and been forwarded from there."

"So-o . . . ?" He waited, knowing that this was not all.

"The letter," she said quietly, "was from Valparaiso, Chile. It was postmarked January seventh, which was the day the Tropicana arrived there. It described the voyage in detail. It told all about the ports at which the ship touched. It was a lovely, natural, affectionate letter."

Vance said cannily, "I'm supposed to say that that proves you were wrong: that Alan really did go to Chile."

"Yes, you're supposed to say that. And then I'll remind you that we both know he didn't. I saw his Cuban landing card, signed by him. I saw his signature on a Havana hotel register. I saw the customs declaration which he signed when he landed in Miami."

"What does it add up to, honey?"

"I don't know." She was looking straight ahead. "Alan wrote that letter all right. He had it mailed at Valparaiso in order to satisfy me—or to fool me—whichever way you choose to look at it."

"And so . . . ?"

"Can't you get the answer, Vance? It means that in spite of this morning, in spite of what I believed then—I've got to swing back to my original hunch."

"Meaning . . . ?"

"That Lew Hartley is Alan. And that



So long as men work and dream and plan for the future

SO LONG AS MEN pursue happiness and security for those they love, they will seek assistance in the things that help their dreams come true.

That is one reason why Americans own more life insurance than any other people in the world . . . no other people are so free to plan their own futures.

But even the 65,000,000 Americans who own some life insurance do not own enough to carry out all their plans. Remember that each year 1,200,000 young men and women graduate from school or college . . . about 1,500,000 new homes are established . . . approximately 2,300,000 babies are born for whom parents wish to provide protection.

Circumstances change constantly, and these changes increase the need of people for life insurance protection. So, while Americans own much life insurance, they need

more. However, we believe it is no exaggeration to say that the number of people either unprotected or insufficiently protected would be much greater than it is . . . were it not for the life insurance agent.

The agent attracted the public's attention to life insurance in the days when it was new and novel. Because he believed enthusiastically and sincerely in life insurance, he succeeded in imparting that belief to others. Like the crusader he is, the agent had the courage and persuasiveness to help people adopt new ideas.

Without that same kind of salesmanship and service, Americans would still be driving horses and buggies. Homes would still be without washing machines, telephones, and radios. The idea of 65,000,000 people owning life insurance would be too fantastic to talk about.

So long as men work and dream and plan

for the future, they need life insurance and the benefits it brings. So long as this is true, they should have, and do have, the guidance of trained, experienced agents who are qualified to advise what type and amount of life insurance best fit people's needs and circumstances.

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This is Number 46 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

**Metropolitan Life
Insurance Company**
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Helen loses her big chance



HELEN NEEDS A LAXATIVE: but she's got a radio audition this morning. Doesn't want to risk embarrassment.

"I'll wait till tonight," she decides. So she puts off needed relief.



HELEN is in no condition to try out for a radio job. Symptoms of constipation make her heavy-headed and miserable.

She leaves, knowing she has made a bad impression.

Martha makes a hit



MARTHA NEEDS A LAXATIVE: she's got an audition this morning, too. But Martha doesn't put off till tonight the laxative she should take this morning.

She takes gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica!



MARTHA, eyes bright, heaviness gone, faces "the mike" with confidence. Sal Hepatica worked so quickly, she is able to give all her attention to the audition.

P. S. She got the job.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

DON'T LET a busy morning prevent you from taking a needed laxative. Take



gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica!

Sal Hepatica usually acts within an hour... acts easily and thoroughly, by attract-

ing helpful liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. There's no discomfort, no griping.

No wonder 3 out of every 5 doctors interviewed recommend sparkling Sal Hepatica.

Another thing: Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

Next time *you* need a laxative, try gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica!

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in **EDDIE CANTOR**—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

now I'm not only bewildered, but I'm frightened, too."

Sam Gibson gazed ecstatically upon the white tie and tails he had laid out for his employer. He said, "Them sho is noble raiments, Mistuh Hartley."

Alan looked up from the book he had been reading. He shook an admonitory finger and said, "No soap, Sam. I intend to keep those for myself."

Mr. Gibson rolled his eyes. "Shuh! Mistuh Hartley: I wasn't hintin' nothin' like that. Them neckties you give me, an' those salubrious shirts... honest, I woul'n't never be so presumptive to think you'd mebbe give me..."

"You're right."

"Yassuh." Sam was still fascinated. "Reckon they's big doin's tonight, ain't they?"

"Yes. A new show opening at a new club. They're featuring a dance team—the Saxons—friends of Miss Ralston's."

"Yassuh..." Mr. Gibson eyed his boss critically. He was attempting to estimate his mood. That was the oddest thing about Mistuh Hartley. You never knowed was he goin' to bite yo' haid off, or either give you a present. Downstairs he was gruff and testy. In the privacy of his rooms, he was a real nice gemmun. So Sam put out a feeler. He said, "Reckon you must be feelin' pretty happy this evenin', ain't you, Mistuh Hartley?"

"I feel all right." Alan's unprepossessing countenance split into a smile. "What's on your mind?"

"Mmmmm... it's somethin' extra special, Mistuh Hartley. A sort of a favor I was cravin' to ast you."

"Are you broke?"

"Nossuh. 'Tain't nothin' like that. In fack, it's sort of contrariwise." He edged closer and lowered his voice: "I was wonderin', Mistuh Hartley—would you be good enough to keep some money of mine?"

Alan was really surprised. He said, "Sure, I'll keep it for you. How much is it?"

Sam's voice was now a mere whisper. He glanced apprehensively toward the door of Sunny's bedroom. He knew that Marvella Geech, Sunny's maid, was in

there, and Marvella was an exceedingly uppity colored damsel whom Sam despised and distrusted.

"How much I got," whispered Mr. Gibson, "is five hund'ed dollars."

Alan whistled. "Five hundred...? What happened?"

"Some good luck backed up against me an' pushed." Sam's face was beaming. "It's this-a-way, Mistuh Hartley: Down to my lodge there was a drawin'. They was rafflin' away an automobile. An' las' night I win it. On'y I ain't got no use fo' a car, so I tooken five hund'ed dollars cash instead."

"**WHY** don't you open a bank account?" Alan asked.

"Uh-uh. Zinnia might find out about it."

"Zinnia?"

"Yassuh. Tha's the gal I ambitions to git a divorce fum."

"I didn't know you were married."

"Yassuh. 'Bout th'ee yeahs ago I was disinfected with a real bad case of matrimony."

"Is your wife in Miami?"

"She sho ain't nowheres else. She cooks fo' a fambly lives down tords Dinner Key. During the season us don't see nothin' of each other... an' tha's still too much. What me an' her ain't got fo' each other is no use. An' I just got her in condition where she says it'll be all right about the divorce. On'y, Mistuh Hartley—if that 'ooman was ever to find out I had five hund'ed dollars cash money..." Mr. Gibson made an expressive gesture. "She woul'n't gimme no divorce, or either she'd make me give her half the money."

"So you're turning it over to me for safekeeping, eh?"

"Yassuh." Sam handed a roll of ten-dollar bills to Alan. "An' what's mo', Mistuh Hartley—if 'tain't too much trouble, I wish you woul'n't never give me no mo' than two dollars a week out of that."

"Okay. But why the two dollars?"

"Ise payin' that much installments on an engagement ring."

"On a ring..." Alan was grinning. "You'd better slow up. One minute you're talking about getting a divorce



REAMER KELLER

and the next you're telling me that you're buying an engagement ring. It doesn't seem to fit."

"It fits all right, suh. You see, Ise sort of got myself engaged to Annie Dill."

"The housemaid here?"

"Uh-huh. I done paid ten dollars on a ginuwine diamond ring, an' each week Annie has got to pay two dollars mo'..."

"Annie has to pay it?"

"Tha's it. I boughten the ring in her name."

"Why?"

"On account," explained Sam logically, "so long as ev'rything goes all right, Ise gwine give her the two dollars ev'ry week fo' the payments. But does anythin' slip... like maybe her not stayin' as fond of me as she is now... why then I won't be stuck fo' no mo' payments."

"I see..." Alan turned away to hide a smile. "And I'm sure I understand. I hope your matrimonial affairs all turn out beautifully."

"They will, suh... 'ceptin' on'y if Zinnia found out about that money. An' now, suh..." He bustled forward efficiently, "I reckon us better be puttin' you into them evenin' clothes less'n you crave to keep Miss Ralston waitin'."

ALAN whistled while he dressed. Aside from his worries about Gail Foster, he was having a grand time. The experience was turning out to be more bizarre than he had anticipated. It was exciting to be—however anomalously—the master of this lovely estate, to be waited upon by a staff of servants, to hear a buzz of conjecture whenever he appeared in public.

Chuck Williams was always at hand to see that he did things in a large way. He loathed the ostentation which was demanded of him: ten-dollar tips to headwaiters for ringside tables, huge bets at racetracks, jai-alai games and gambling houses. But he realized that he would have been less than human had he failed to enjoy this new feeling of affluence.

As Alan Douglas he might have felt a certain sense of embarrassment about appearing in public with so vivid a person as Sunny Ralston. Everything about her screamed for attention—and got it. Every so often he'd feel a surge of embarrassment, and then a quick glance into the nearest mirror would show him the face of another man on his body... and that made it easier to act as he had been taught this other man would act.

Alan walked downstairs. Chuck Williams, clad in dinner clothes, was waiting at the foot of the stairway. Chuck's colorless eyes took him in from head to foot. The stare was insolently impersonal, as one would regard a clothes dummy. Alan felt uncomfortable and tried to turn it off lightly. He said, "Do I pass muster, Chuck?"

The pasty-faced man stared straight at him. Then he took out a cigarette, lighted it, and walked away. No word. Alan said, "I'm glad to see you in such a happy mood tonight, Chuck."

He saw the wiry figure stiffen, but Williams made no move, no sign, to indicate that he had heard. Alan's face flushed... then he laughed it off. Queer sort of an egg, this Williams. Seemed always to be playing the role of a tough. Nobody could be that hard-boiled, Alan figured. Or that unpleasant.

Sunny came downstairs, her splendid body gleaming in a sheath of sequins. Alan said, "Wow!" and Sunny laughed delightedly.

"Like it?" she inquired.

"As soon as my eyes get accustomed to the glare..."

"I like people to notice me."

"Then you'll be happy tonight."

Chuck Williams spoke without turn-

ing. His cold, flat voice said, "Come on, you two."

Alan took Sunny's arm. "I think somebody ate up all his porridge."

Lincoln Jones, the chauffeur, had driven the car up to the front door. Chuck Williams said, "Get out. I'm driving."

Lincoln's eyes glowed happily. "You mean I kin have the evenin' off, Mistuh Williams?"

"I don't care what you have," Chuck snapped, and Alan leaned forward. "You're off for the night, Lincoln."

"Yassuh, Mistuh Hartley. Thank you, suh."

With Chuck at the wheel and Sunny and Alan in back, they rolled out of the driveway and into Collins Avenue. They were aware that the flat gray eyes could see them through the rear-view mirror, but they tried not to let Chuck's unusual ill-humor put a damper on what promised to be an enjoyable evening.

They were headed for the new Cristobal Club which modestly proclaimed itself to be the swankiest night spot south of Manhattan. Featured in the floor program were the Saxons, about whose presence in Miami Sunny seemed to be quite excited.

"You'll love them both," she told Alan. "Marcia's keen as a dagger. Hasn't got respect for anybody or anything. And Tony... he's swell."

"When did you meet them?"

"Four years ago. They had a feature spot in the floor show where I was tossing the torso. I never could figure what Marcia ever saw in a gal like me. But we got to be friends right away, and we've stayed like that ever since."

"Does Lew know them?"

"No. Oh, he's met them, but that's all. Just long enough to be unpleasant."

"What's my cue tonight?"

"Be halfway decent. That'll surprise 'em both, but it'll add up to more fun." The icy voice came back from the driver's seat. "You're Hartley," said Chuck. "Play it that way."

Sunny said, "He can talk to them, can't he? Lew never said six words to them in his life."

"You got to ride herd on a fool like Douglas."

Alan said quietly, "Thanks, Chuck. But I'll promise to be good."

THERE was no mistaking the exact location of the Cristobal once you got within a half mile of it. A leaf had been borrowed from the book of Hollywood. Four searchlights fingered the sky; the front of the place was brilliant.

The doorman recognized Lew Hartley's car and cleared a path through the crowd. As Sunny moved from curb to doorway someone said, "I wish Santa Claus had brought me somethin' like that."

The headwaiter was obsequious. Chuck edged close to Alan and whispered, "Slip him a sawbuck," and Alan nodded.

Sunny swept across the floor to their ringside table. She was aware of the stir she created, and she loved it. She seemed to blank out the rest of the crowd, to stand out like a too garish ornament against the tasteful décor.

They reached their table. Alan stood while the headwaiter held Sunny's chair, and then helped her shrug a sable coat from her shoulders.

The place was crowded. Alan looked around the room, remembering that he was Lew Hartley and that he must act as though none of this meant a thing to him.

It was a good thing that he was on guard. Because his glance came to rest on a table less than twenty feet away.

A man and a woman were at that table.

The woman was Gail Foster.

(To be continued next week)



Yes!

THE SEAL OF
VETERINARY
APPROVAL

Awarded to

KEN-L-RATION
The Food of Champions

IT CAN MEAN SO MUCH TO
YOUR DOG'S HEALTH!

Of course, you don't want your dog to suffer needlessly from upset stomach, to have dull coat and eyes, appetite up one day, down the next—due to improper feeding.

And your veterinarian will tell you that most troubles like these do come from the wrong kind of diet.

Now, it's so easy to be sure of feeding your dog the right way! The American Veterinary Medical Association and the American Animal Hospital Association have tested and approved Ken-L-Ration—have found it meets their high standards of nutrition for dogs!

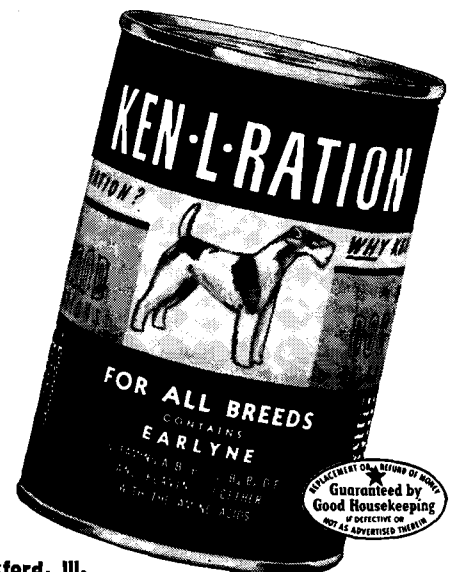
EXTRA ADDED VITAMINS, TOO—
YET COSTS NO MORE!

Ken-L-Ration has every vitamin known to be essential to dog health—plus good, Government Inspected Meat! For glossy coat, strong teeth and bones, good appetite—and all around health!

FREE!

New Chappel booklet with important training, feeding and health tips to make your dog a better pet. Write now!

CHAPPEL BROS. INC., 410 Peoples Ave., Rockford, Ill.



Mister, take a taste of success!



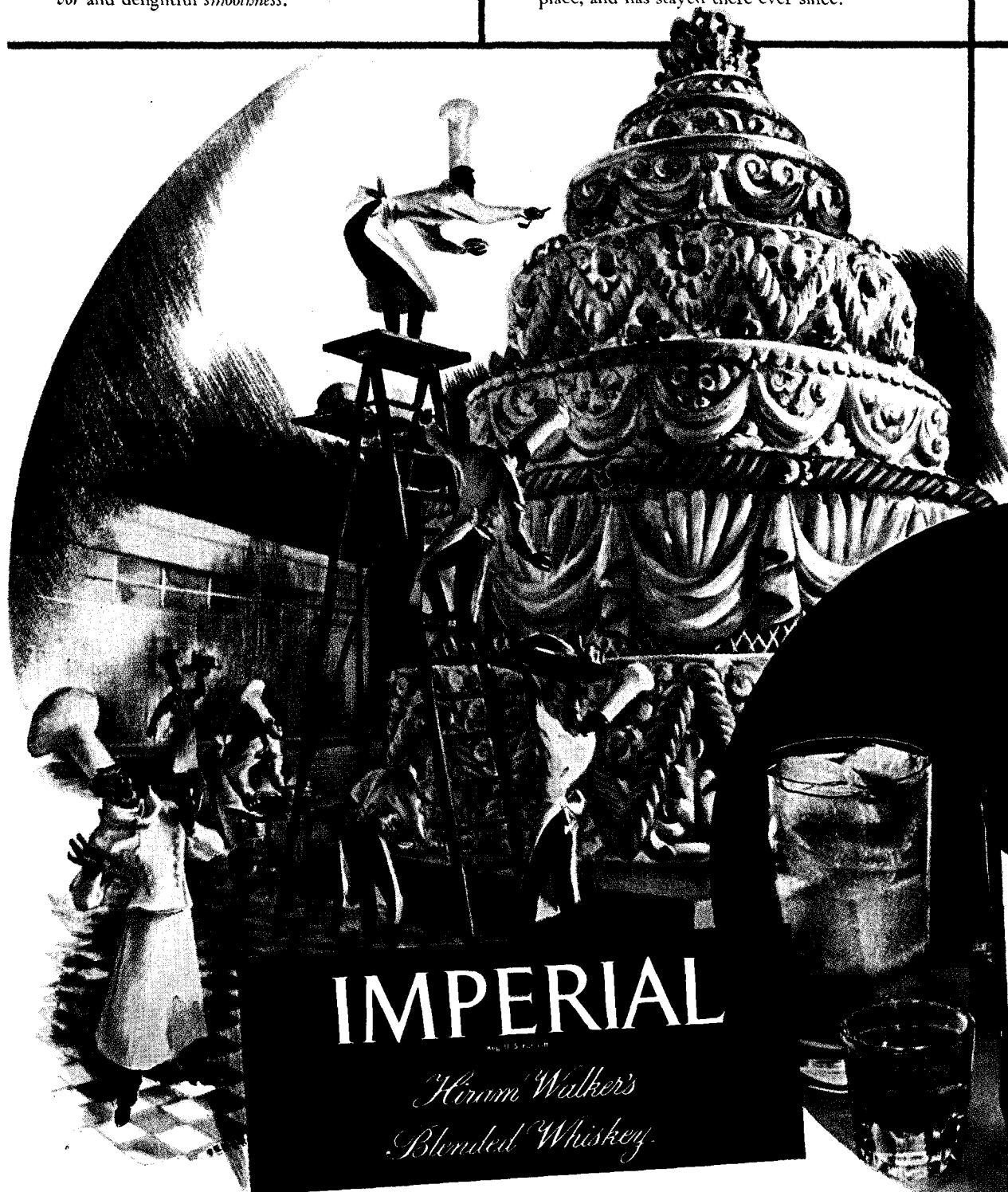
1. Some cookie! The moment IMPERIAL popped out of the "oven" we knew it had the right recipe for success! Even hard-to-please whiskey experts had their eyes widened by IMPERIAL'S mouth-watering *aroma*, superb *flavor* and delightful *smoothness*.



2. Some cake! Wherever it was introduced, in state after state, IMPERIAL'S success was phenomenal. And *swift*. Listen to this: in Michigan, for instance—this superb whiskey hopped ahead of 332 long-established brands to reach first place, and has stayed there ever since!



3. Some triumph! Today—IMPERIAL is the fastest-growing whiskey in all America. And one taste will tell you *why*! Try this great whiskey at your bar—or take home a tryout bottle. See for yourself why this whiskey "takes the cake"!



IMPERIAL

Hiram Walker's
Blended Whiskey

Great for **2** big reasons!

1. Imperial is "velvety"—for extra smoothness. Choice spirits actually made in the same stills as the rare base whiskeys are then "velvety" by a method similar to the softening of spirits used in making fine Scotch.

2. Imperial is "flavor-peaked"—for extra richness. This superb American blend has that expensive, "imported-whiskey" flavor because its foundation whiskeys are specially distilled to give them individual qualities—then blended together to a delicate "flavor peak."



Eighty-six proof. 70% grain neutral spirits • Copr. 1942, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

Preacher's Daughter

Continued from page 20

keeping it up even in the summer months. She became president of her class and was active on the campus, but she feels that college did little for her that hadn't already been done in China.

"The Chinese are a cultured people, even the peasants," she explains. "The culture I got in college was good but it was no deeper than what I had acquired as a child."

She had started to write in college, won prizes for a story and an essay, and formed the technique she was to use later in her great novels, but she resolutely refrained from professional writing, thinking that she still lacked experience. Instead she went back to China, where she soon married and began to teach in missionary schools. Her husband was an agricultural missionary and she followed him into remote sections and began to raise her family. There were two children and plenty of hard work and it was eight years later, at the age of thirty, when Miss Buck started her career. Her first effort was an article on the Younger Generation of China, published in an American magazine.

In 1925 she set out for America to take up study at Cornell for her master's degree. On the long voyage from China, she relieved the boredom by working on a story which was later to be the basis for her first novel, *East Wind: West Wind*. Finishing it, she had no notion that it was publishable and only dug it out at the demand of a friend, who took the almost illegible script and sent it to *Asia Magazine*, which bought it.

Good News That Traveled Far

It attracted the interest of book publishers, who urged her to expand it into a novel. She felt the story was too slight for that and suggested that a second story of hers be joined with it for a book. The publishers refused and Miss Buck put the manuscript into the hands of an agent and forgot about it.

For a period of forty-seven weeks it went the rounds of the publishing houses without success. Finally Richard J. Walsh of the John Day Company read it and accepted it. The agent dispatched the good news to China and had no answer. It seems that Miss Buck had left for America. Finally the letter was forwarded to her and she got in touch with Mr. Walsh.

"I was just a few hours from New York," says Miss Buck. "It seemed rather like a dream."

She was a woman with a steady look and a quiet assurance. She had always known she was going to write and this was no surprise to her. In the rape of Nanking, referred to earlier, the marauders not only looted her house but had torn up and burned the manuscript of a complete novel she had just finished. She has never attempted to do that story over again.

"China is full of stories," she says.

While Mr. Walsh was getting *East Wind: West Wind* ready for publication, she was working on her second book. It was the great novel, *The Good Earth*, which established her immediately as an important writer. She was awarded the Pulitzer Prize and the book was made into a play and later into a motion picture. From complete obscurity, she became an international figure.

"It's the worst part of being a writer," she says; "the complications that follow a success."

There were the usual Hollywood offers, since repeated at regular inter-

vals; there were insistent demands that she lecture; there were fortunes thrust at her from all sides. The thing that terrified her most was lecturing.

"Rather than do it, I'd scrub floors," she says flatly.

The movie version of *The Good Earth* interested her without inducing her to head for Hollywood. She was particularly pleased with Luise Rainer in the part of Olan.

"Miss Rainer told me once that she read no books about China preparing for the picture but she watched an old Chinese woman, who was an extra on the set, and copied every gesture and mannerism. It was a wonderfully evocative and right performance. I don't understand a Hollywood that would keep idle a woman as deeply talented as that girl."

Once started, the novels came forth rapidly—*Sons*, *The Mother*, *A House Divided*, *This Proud Heart*, *The Patriot*, *Other Gods*, and *Dragon Seed*. Six of her books, including *The Exile* and *Fighting Angel*, which are the biographies of her parents, have been selected by the Book of the Month Club, a remarkable record. In 1938 she received the Nobel Prize for Literature, the first American woman to be so honored, and the third American ever to be recognized. She was frank about that honor, thinking at first that it was awarded as a culminating recognition of an author's work and feeling that it might better have gone to Theodore Dreiser, whom she deeply admires. But she found that the award was meant as an encouragement to a writer in the middle of his career, and she felt that the Nobel Committee was honoring America through her.

She is now married to Richard J. Walsh, her publisher, and they make their permanent home in an old stone house in Pennsylvania about ninety miles from New York. Miss Buck spends one day a week in New York but for the rest she stays home and does her work and looks after a household of children. Visitors at the Walsh home over a week end have an impression that the place is alive with kids. They pop in at a back window; they appear at the front door; they come chasing one another through the house. She likes children not only individually but in the mass.

"What I'm going to do some day is come home and find that an orphanage has moved in," says Mr. Walsh, presenting the thought as if he hoped it might happen.

Although Miss Buck has no wish to return to China now, having had her share of war and revolution in the past, she gives a great deal of time to Chinese Relief and maintains an enormous correspondence with friends in that country. What she hates most deeply are racial intolerance and prejudice.

"I think I know what racial prejudice means, because in China we were the inferior people and were made to feel it," she says.

Her profound interest in the Negro problem here is based on the belief that unless racial antagonisms are eliminated the whole world will one day be faced with an explosive situation. That China is on the side of the democracies in the war against the Axis powers seems to her the most favorable thing the world has seen lately.

"Unless we learn to understand the Chinese and other peoples, we may one day be faced with the great Yellow-White war that sensible men have long foreseen," she declares. "Now is the

crucial time. If we do not grant full recognition to our colored allies in this war, at home and abroad, the future will be dangerous."

She works toward that understanding with all her strength. Last autumn, in an effort to extend her influence, she secretly attended a class in radio script writing at Columbia University and has turned out scripts that she hopes will be the beginning of a program that will acquaint the peoples of the world with one another.

But if you speak to her of these things and suggest that she is still a missionary at heart, she will say very simply:

"I like people. I'm a novelist and nothing else. When I can't write novels I'll probably not be good for anything else."

She is one of the great novelists, not only because she is a master craftsman but because her work burns with the intensity that she gives to her life. She is a rebel at heart and she loves the common man, and her novels consequently have a depth of feeling and a warmth of affection that give her a position of her own as a writer.

She is a good worker and a good organizer of her work. She does a great deal of reading, including research at odd times and especially in the evenings, which she spends almost invariably at home.

2,500 Words a Day

She is at her desk at nine every morning and works hard till afternoon. She does her writing sometimes in long-hand, sometimes on her typewriter. She never dictates her stories. She rarely makes notes or outlines, but a story or the next episode in a novel is fully worked out in her mind before she sits down to write it. Then she writes rapidly. Her usual stint is at least 2,500 words a day, and she does not often have to rewrite a passage.

Every afternoon is given to the children, and she herself prepares their supper, bathes them, reads to them and settles them in bed. For most of the time, then, she lives the quiet life of a country woman, gardening, taking the children for drives on rural roads, looking after the meals for the family, doing her own marketing by telephone and often cooking Chinese meals, using ingredients which she buys in New York's Chinatown. She says she has time for all this because she does not go to parties or play bridge. She does no farming but is putting her land to work by planting thousands of young trees.

"I'm Chinese about the land, I guess," she says ruefully. "I can't stand to see a piece not producing. Food was scarce in China and the land was precious. They used every inch of it."

Nothing explains Miss Buck's character better than a sentence she wrote in recording the terror of the Nanking incident previously mentioned. They felt there was no hope for them and sat bravely waiting the end. The children did not cry; the older people did not speak. They waited and when the children slept, they looked at them silently.

She writes about her feelings in these words:

"She (herself) sat looking at her two little girls and thought steadfastly how when the hour came she must be strong and before she died herself she must see them dead first, though she did it herself, and not leave them in the hands of the soldiers."

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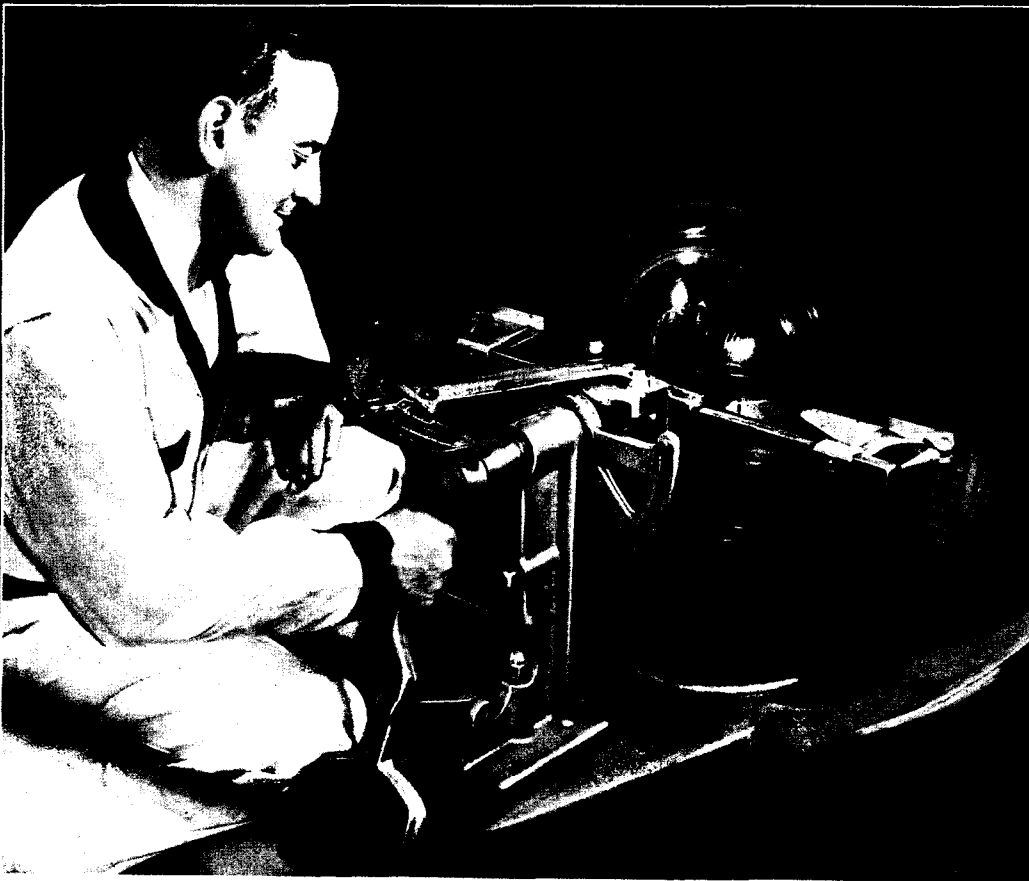
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ber," Rankin was saying, "this Smitty is a rich brat. Spoiled. Doesn't know anything about discipline. And when he comes to the Academy..."

Dickie let the scalding words pour over him. He stifled the anger that was growing in him. He couldn't show that he was worried. He tried to give it the light touch: "I could play Smitty rings around that kid."

"Maybe," Rankin admitted. "But it's a part for an eighteen-year-old."

Dickie achieved a laugh. "I've been playing eighteen-year-olds for the past ten years. I know them better than they know themselves."

"But the kid looks it," Rankin said.

"I look it," Dickie said, and then, feeling Rankin's eyes on him, went on, "But I can look it. With any kind of lighting at all, I can."

"I don't say you can't, Dickie," Rankin agreed. "But you've got to admit the kid's really the type."

"Sure he's the type," Dickie conceded. "Almost any kid's the type. But can he act it?"

"He'll manage it, I think."

DICKIE'S throat was stiff. He swallowed, moistened his lips, and placed his hands on Rankin's desk. The words came out jerkily: "You really think the kid has a chance for the part?"

"Sure," Rankin said easily. "Smitty isn't such a big role. It won't make or break the picture." Rankin leaned back in his chair. "To tell you the truth, Dickie, the kid is absolutely in."

Dickie no longer even attempted the light touch. He just stood there, looking at nothing. This was the time to show that he was as young as he had ever been. This was the time to show that boyhood still bubbled in him. This was the moment to give the performance of his life. But Dickie did nothing.

He walked slowly to the divan, his back to Rankin, and heard Rankin say, "I don't see why it should make so much difference to you. It's just a bit. It won't even get featured billing."

Sure. Sure. Dickie knew. And he knew that he'd be facing the same thing over and over again. Sometimes getting bits, sometimes not getting them. And then, some day not so very far off, never getting them.

And for himself, he was ready to crawl into a dark corner. He ran his hand over his face and did not look at Rankin.

But there was not just himself. There wasn't just Dickie Welles, The Boy You Can't Help Liking. There was a great deal more than Dickie. There was Helen—and Bunny and Lumpy. And he had to make one final try for them. He had to go down fighting.

Dickie would have liked to walk out of the room smiling, throwing a laugh behind him. He would have liked to let Rankin think that there were other parts waiting for him—better parts. This Smitty? What was that? But Dickie couldn't afford that luxury.

He took his hand from his face and stood still. He walked slowly back to Rankin's desk. He was dimly aware that someone had entered the office. But he was beyond caring who saw him now. Dickie had a job ahead of him, a job too important to be put off by embarrassment.

"Look, Steve," Dickie said, and his voice had a new tone, deeper and more serious. "I'm going to ask you a favor, a big one." Dickie bit his lip. "We've known each other a long time and I've never asked you a favor before, but I'm asking one now. And not just for myself. I've got a family, Steve. I'm not a kid. I'm thirty years old." Dickie shrugged his shoulders. "You know all this. I may be kidding others but I'm not kidding you."

Dickie felt whoever had entered the

room move behind him. But he would not be put off, and his eyes held Rankin.

"Steve," he went on, "the act's up, and I know it. But look, couldn't you see it my way just this once? Couldn't you take this chance for me? I wouldn't let you down. I swear I wouldn't."

Rankin was now watching Dickie with newly interested eyes. But he didn't speak.

Dickie clasped his hands and shook them. "Steve, I've got to have that part. I simply have to have it." His voice cracked. But it was not the quaver of adolescence, the quaver that Dickie could so well affect. It was tremulous with stark emotion. "Give me this chance—this one chance—I'll make it up to you. So help me, I will." Dickie paused for breath. "How about it, Steve?" he finished simply, softly and finally. "Do I get a crack at that part?"

There was a silence.

"What part?" Rankin asked, at last.

"Smitty," Dickie said dully. What other part was there?

Rankin shook his head slowly. "I'm afraid that's not for you, Dickie." There was neither sympathy nor hardness in his tone.

It was finished then, and Dickie knew it. Steve knew it, and whoever was standing behind Dickie knew it, too. Tomorrow all Hollywood would know it. Dickie Welles, Majestic's Bad Boy, was no longer Majestic's—bad or a boy.

Dickie Welles had become a man. A not-to-be-envied man. He held out his hand to Steve.

"Anyway," he said, "thanks for considering me."

It was then that Dickie felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned to see Greg Clancy.

Clancy was smiling a solemn, satisfied smile.

"Steve and I had a long talk about you," he told Dickie. "But you're not as young as I thought you were."

"No, I guess not," Dickie said, and he wished only that he could get out of the room.

Clancy kept his hand on Dickie's shoulder. "Steve kept insisting you were right for the part. But frankly I couldn't see you in it."

"I understand," Dickie said. "That's all right."

"It was just that you seemed too young."

"What?" Dickie shook his head as if to clear it. "What?"

"Too young," Clancy explained. "A kid at heart. Always horsing around." Clancy reached into his tweed coat for a cigar, and bit the end before he continued: "Matter of fact, it was only just now when I heard you pleading with Steve that I realized you were grown up enough to play the part of the coach."

Dickie reached for the desk. He had rubber where he used to have legs.

"The role has a lot of pathos," Clancy was saying.

And Steve was saying, "Oh, it'll make Dickie. No doubt of it!"

AN HOUR later the three of them were sitting over beers and cigars in the Italian restaurant across from the studio.

"I think we'd better bill you as Richard Welles," Steve said, and Clancy nodded agreement.

Dickie—Richard—had his head down, too. He was fumbling into his hip pocket for his wallet. He drew from it a snapshot that he had wanted to show to someone for a long, long time.

"Bunny, the one on the left, is eight. Lumpy, the little fellow—" Dickie gave a chuckle, proud and paternal. "Well, let me tell you what he did the other day..."

And because he was soon to be a star again, they let him.

Champion String Puller

Continued from page 22

Typical of these was the skit in the Broadway show Hooray for What? Mrs. Hastings designed a marionette twenty inches high in imitation of Ed Wynn's silly clothes and the Wynn face. It was supposed to be the Perfect Fool's conscience and appeared in a scene in which Ed was asleep.

"You can't escape from me," the doll warned Wynn. "I'm your conscience. I follow you wherever you go. Even when you sit down to eat, I sit down with you."

"Well, why don't you pick up the check once in a while?" demanded Ed, waking up.

Business is at its highest point during the holidays. One of the Christmas shows she never gives at children's parties is called Yuletide Fable. The curtain rises on a very elegant room with Santa Claus emerging from the fireplace. Two young ladies, even more elegant than the room, enter and ply the Saint with liquor. Meanwhile they switch their hips about recklessly. The deplorable finale is that Santa gets tight and passes out. As the curtain falls the expensive hussies are ransacking his pack for jewels and furs.

Sue also offers a strip-tease routine—performed, of course, by a doll. To appropriate music one garment after another is slowly and insinuatingly shed, with the blackout coming just a second too late. Mrs. Hastings is going to take her strip-tease lady on a tour of the camps this winter and it ought to do quite a lot to boost Army morale.

A small, fragile lady, Mrs. Hastings would never be suspected of staging a strip-tease, even with dolls. Nor would anybody suspect that she has built a business in which several hundred thousand dollars have been invested. Marionettes occupy nine tenths of her time.

The Trouble with Actors—

It all started because Sue Hastings shares the conviction of all playwrights that no actor is competent to speak the lines of their creation, or transmit the delicate shadings of their work to the audience. In brief, all actors botch the work of all playwrights. Mrs. Hastings discovered this when—she was then Sue Couch—she was doing graduate work in the drama at Columbia University some twenty years ago. She wrote a vaudeville sketch which was produced with such success at the college that a professional tour was arranged. It flopped disastrously in the first few cities where it appeared and then was withdrawn. Mrs. Hastings was convinced that this was due to bad casting, terrible direction and the hashing of lines. So she resolved never to write for living actors again. She had already studied marionette shows and put on several for her classmates.

Back of Sue Couch's interest in the theater lay a thwarted childhood. The daughter of a Methodist preacher, she was born in Monticello, New York, and was raised with Puritan austerity in another New York village, Middletown. Dancing and the theater were forbidden; Sue was sixteen before she saw a play. This was on a momentous occasion when she was taken to New York City to see a performance of Blanche Bates in Resurrection. It made such an impression that she can still recite most of the lines. Sue's father permitted one exception to his general ban on theatricals, however. His daughter was allowed to put on religious pageants as long as all the profits went to a Methodist mission in Middletown. She did this

and was able to raise substantial sums.

Unlike most girls with a passion for the theater, Sue had no desire to act. She wanted to be a playwright, a producer or a director. After a straight academic course at Syracuse University she enrolled at Columbia to study the drama. The professionally miscast and bungled vaudeville skit deflected her ambitions to inanimate actors. The puppet show she put on at the university was a burlesque version of Uncle Tom's Cabin and it was seen by a producer who gave her a summer's engagement at Atlantic City. Mrs. Hastings now remembers that the show was very crude. That fall she began a serious study of marionettes and it was five years before she put on another show.

A One-Woman Business

The literature on marionettes was sparse and there were no teachers. Sue Hastings trained herself. Tony Sarg, who had been amusing himself with puppet shows for years, was a generous ally. She blundered along in an amateur way but soon got an engagement or two. Her first clients were individuals—people of wealth like J. P. Morgan and the Du Ponts—but in a year or so she was engaged by department stores for Christmas shows and was soon giving performances in theaters. It was all rather amateurish, save for the perfection of the performances, and Sue Hastings Marionettes, Inc., is faintly amateurish even today.

Sue Hastings Marionettes, Inc., is a one-woman business. At her studio off Broadway Mrs. Hastings has a staff of fifty workers when she is busiest, but she supervises every detail herself. A marionette show takes more time to produce than a Broadway offering; sometimes a year of preparation is needed. First, a script must be written. The marionettes have to be designed and then built—at a minimum cost of about \$60 each. The set and the props have to be designed and built, too. The most difficult part of it all is finding puppeteers. Mrs. Hastings discovered long ago that it was essential to use actors and actresses. They knew how to use their voices and how to make the dolls walk or dance like the characters they portrayed. Few actors can qualify, though. They must be thin, for otherwise they cannot dash around on the narrow platform from which the strings of marionettes are pulled. They must have extremely nimble fingers. A puppeteer must, in a single show, manipulate as many as six marionettes, each with a dozen strings. Typical of the job was that of one puppeteer who had to hold a curtain with one hand, guide a marionette with the other and blow smoke rings at the same time. Mrs. Hastings can do all of these things, but now has a reservoir of actors on whom she can draw and who are delighted to work for her between stage engagements. A number of successful actors are her alumni, among them Rhys Williams who currently appears in The Corn is Green and Eric Brothers of Lady in the Dark.

The greatest proof of Mrs. Hastings' versatility occurred when, one Christmas, she suddenly needed another Santa Claus. She did not have time to make a new marionette, which takes weeks. In her collection, however, was Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, whom she no longer needed. In a few hours Mrs. Hastings had altered the face and put a beard on the wife of the President of the United States.

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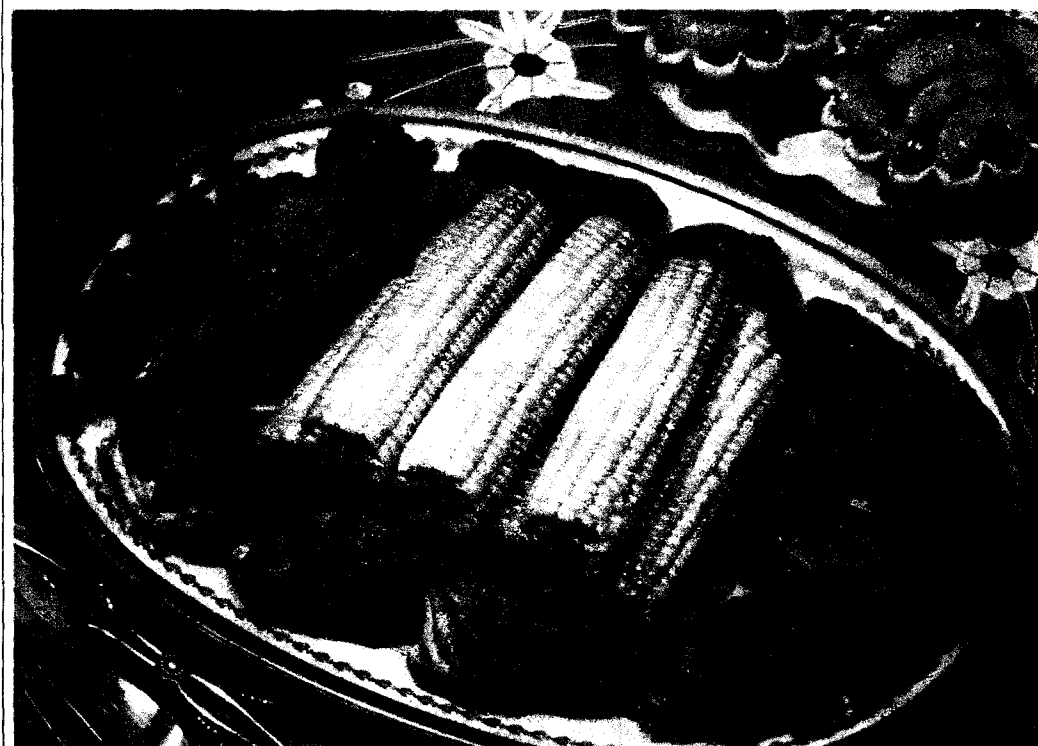
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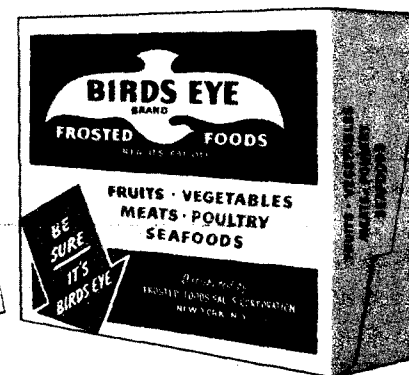
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The Care and Feeding of Jockeys

Continued from page 26

bouillon—but not too much or too often. Any kind of fish is permissible, including shellfish, provided it is boiled, broiled or baked. For an entree, beef, lamb, veal or chicken, boiled, broiled or roasted.

On the vegetable list are cauliflower, spinach, lettuce, tomatoes, green beans, peas, asparagus, carrots, onions, Brussels sprouts, celery and cabbage. The desserts include raw, baked or stewed fruits and gelatin. The approved beverages are skimmed milk, buttermilk, cider, fruit juices and tea or coffee without sugar or cream. Bread? Well, yes, if a boy insists. But only one slice. And it must be whole or cracked wheat, graham, rye or brown—and toasted.

There is a strict ban on fried foods of any kind, thick soups, pork, potatoes, corned, pickled or spiced meats, baked beans, whole milk, rice, white bread, cheese, puddings, pastry, nuts, beer, wines, liquors and hard-boiled eggs. Raw, soft-boiled, poached or shirred eggs are allowed but the boys do not eat many of them since they skip lightly through—or past—breakfast and lunch, and are not likely to call for eggs when they sit down to their real meal of the day.

Frank Hawley, whom the jockeys call Frenchy, is forty-five years old and came out of the old French quarter of Montreal. He has a broad, pleasant face, thick black hair, stands about five feet six inches, weighs 150 pounds and keeps in shape by sticking to his own diet and working on the jockeys. In his youth he was a featherweight boxer and steeplechase rider. Later he trained boxers and then became an attendant in the jockeys' room at the Hawthorne race track outside Chicago with the revival of racing in Illinois in 1924.

They Did It the Hard Way

"I used to look at some of the jocks at that time and feel sorry for them," he said. "They were what we called road riders. Fellows like Pablo Martinez, Eddie Taplin, Charlie Borrel, Lloyd Gentry, Bill Crump, Jimmy Butwell, Earl Sande, Tommy McTaggart and—"

A jockey's valet was passing through the room.

"Hey," Frenchy said. "Who were some of the best road riders?"

"Bill Crump," the valet said, "and Borrel."

"Yes," Frenchy said. "I just called them. Who else?"

"Harry Lunsford . . . Mack Garner. . ."

"And Steve O'Donnell and Chick Lang," Frenchy said.

The valet nodded and went on his way.

"I used to feel sorry for them," Frenchy said. "They had been riding a long time and it was getting tougher for them all the time to take off weight. So they hit the road every morning, wrapped in sweaters and rubber shirts, and reeled off five and ten miles. They dosed themselves with all kinds of stuff and sweated in manure piles. When they felt weak they would take a couple of shots of brandy. Sometimes they would get so hungry they couldn't stand it any more and they would eat anything they could get their hands on. Then they would have to torture themselves to get off the weight they had put on in a few minutes."

Nobody seemed to have given a thought to the care and feeding of jockeys. That was the way they always had done and the way they always would,

apparently. But Frenchy had the quaint notion that if the jocks ate properly and sweated scientifically they could avoid a lot of punishment and remain active very much longer.

He began to preach his theory of common sense at the table and to assemble his equipment. He had neither the time nor the money to take a course in physical culture but he knew what the jockeys needed and he believed he could give it to them. He read all the books he could reach on the matters of diet and training and then plunged into the job he had set for himself.

Having begun at Hawthorne, he fol-

lowed the lead of Hialeah. So in time did Jamaica, Aqueduct, Empire City, Belmont Park and Saratoga.

Now at each of these tracks he has his own room, his baking cabinets, electric blankets, rubbing tables, medicine balls, punching bags, boxing gloves, skipping ropes, bicycle, liniments, creams, salts, tubs and other paraphernalia. If a boy has to take off weight in a hurry to fill an exacting engagement Frenchy is prepared to handle him.

A boy will come into the jockeys' room, strip, step on the scales, find he is a pound or two overweight and re-

Al Schmidl, Carroll Bierman, Isador Garza, Georgie Woolf, Wendell Eads, Harry Richards, Johnny Gilbert, Joe and Sammy Renick—they are in and out of Frenchy's room every day, checking their weight, doing their exercises, sitting in the cabinet, being dunked in the tub, being rubbed, cooling out on the cots at one end of the room.

"They're a lot easier to train than the boys of even a few years ago," Frenchy said. "They eat right and they don't drink except, some of them, a cocktail or a highball once in a while. Naturally no matter how careful they are, they will put on a pound or two sometimes. Some of them can do it by drinking a couple of glasses of water. But they are strong and well nourished and the weight comes off easily."

Sonny was Tough

The boy who, through no fault of his own, was Frenchy's most stubborn client was Raymond (Sonny) Workman, now in the twilight of his career. Deep chested, barrel bodied, heavily muscled—and one of the greatest race riders that ever lived—Sonny was a reducing jockey from the time he was a kid.

"No matter what he did," Frenchy said, "he put on weight between the end of one day's racing and the beginning of the next, and he suffered taking it off. I put a stop to that when I took charge of him. He protested that all he had to do was look at a square meal and he would put on five pounds. But I proved to him that by following my diet he could remain strong and yet not put on any more weight than he did when he was eating according to his own ideas. Both of us had to work hard to keep his weight under control but we managed it."

"Then one day it got away from us. When he came into my room—we were at Delaware Park—he was three pounds overweight and within two hours he had to take a mount that meant a lot to him because the riding fee was big and so was a bet he had made on the race."

"He was scared and so was I. To take three pounds off the average jockey in two hours is nothing. To take three pounds off Sonny Workman so quickly would be a big operation. But we tackled it. With a half hour to go, he still was a half pound overweight. There was only one thing to do. Rub it off. I almost skinned him."

"If I don't win this race," he said to me as he was dressing, "I'll come back and put you on the table and give you a going-over like you gave me."

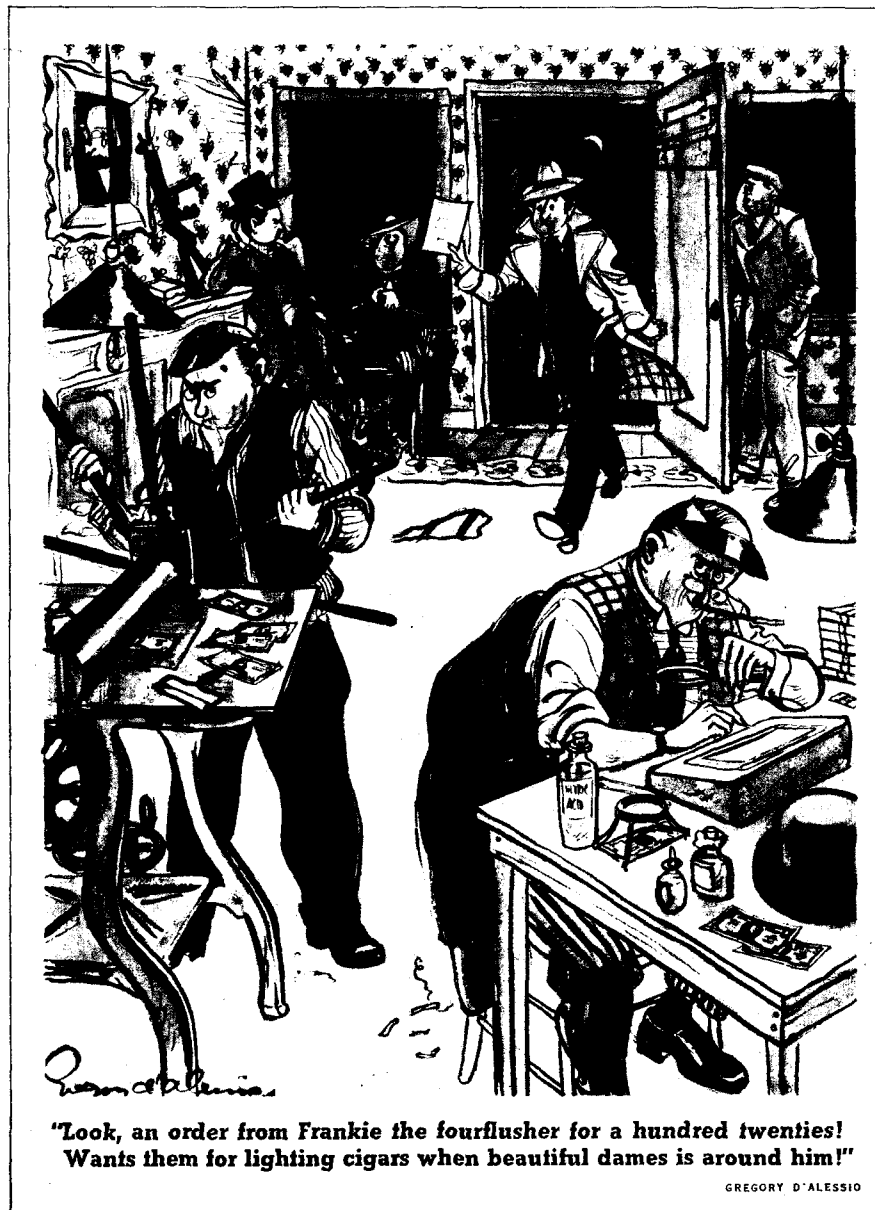
"I was lucky. Sonny won the race."

That, however, was nothing compared to the experience Frenchy had with Kenneth Force. That was at Jefferson Park, New Orleans, when Force, now one of the red-coated outriders on the New York tracks, still was a jockey. Although he was—and still is—a superb horseman, ill luck had pursued him. He couldn't get a mount, he was broke and in debt, and weight was piling on him. And then one day:

"There was an owner down there named Doc Trover," Frenchy tells the story, "and he had a horse called Rhyme and Reason that was a good horse but such a bad actor that none of the boys wanted to ride him. Doc was desperate because he had a spot for the horse the next day where he knew he could win a big bet on him. So he came to me and asked me if I could get somebody to ride for him."

"How big a boy?" I asked Trover. "No more than 107," he said.

"I knew Ken Force could ride any



"Look, an order from Frankie the fourflusher for a hundred twenties! Wants them for lighting cigars when beautiful dames is around him!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

lowed the horses and the jockeys to Tanforan in California, to Tijuana, just over the border in Mexico, to New Orleans, to Omaha, to the Ohio tracks and back to Illinois. Then he headed eastward to Florida, to Delaware, to New York.

Until 1937, he bought his own equipment, carted it about the country and maintained it at his own expense, set it up in the bathroom or some odd corner of the jockeys' room and, for revenue, had only the fees paid by those jockeys who believed in him.

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port to Frenchy. Two pounds to take off in two hours? That's routine. The first thing Frenchy does is to coat the boy's body with a cream that softens the skin and eases the sweat glands. This cream is his own concoction and not on the market, by the way. The jockey is then put in the electric cabinet for twenty minutes.

At the end of that time he is sopped with a saline solution, placed in a rubber bag, wrapped in a blanket, into which three miles of electric wiring have been woven, and allowed to simmer gently for another twenty minutes. This is followed by a bath and a brisk rub. The boy steps on the scales again, discovers he is at the desired poundage, takes a few tablets made of salt and dextrose to refuel his system, lies down for a little while—and gets up ready to ride.

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horse that ever went to the post. I didn't know if he possibly could make 107 but I knew what a mount would mean to him. So I took a chance.

"Enter your horse and don't worry," I told Doc. "I'll have the boy for you."

"I sent somebody looking for Ken. When he came into the jockeys' room I saw he was bigger, even, than I'd thought he was."

"Listen," I said to him. "You got a chance to make some money tomorrow. You know Doc Trover?"

"He said 'Yes,' and I said: 'Well, he is running Rhyme and Reason tomorrow and I told him you can ride the horse. But you have to weigh 107.'"

"He had a funny look on his face when I said that. I wanted to ask him what he weighed but I was afraid to."

"If you will do what I tell you to," I said, "I will have you at the weight. It's a big chance for you. Doc will have a good bet on the horse for you."

"Doc hadn't said he would do anything of the kind but I figured he would, and anyway I wanted to give the poor kid some encouragement because I knew what was ahead of him."

"All right," Ken said. "I'll take it; do anything you want."

"I started right away with him. I put him in the cabinet and left him there for forty minutes. I took him out and put him in a hot bath. Then I rubbed him. Back to the cabinet... back to the bath... back to the table. I kept talking to him."

"We'll be rich tomorrow," I said. "Doc is going to make a big bet for me, too."

"The poor kid didn't say anything. I told him jokes. I sang little songs for him. I doused his head with a spongeful of water now and then when he was sitting in the cabinet. I fed him salt tablets. Every once in a while I gave him a few sips of brandy and milk to keep up his strength. When the races were over, I wrapped him up, put him in

my car and took him to my hotel, where I had another cabinet—and started all over again. At intervals I would weigh him. His weight was tumbling. The first time, 118; then 115... 113... 110. When it reached 105 I wrapped him in blankets and put him to bed. I kept him in bed until almost noon the next day. Then I took him out to the track, laid him on a rubbing table and put a light blanket on him. Just before the race, I put him on the scales. He weighed 101."

"How much did you weigh when you came in here yesterday?" I asked him.

"He said: 'A hundred and twenty-six.'"

"He had lost twenty-five pounds in twenty-four hours—and he had a big, tough, mean horse to ride. All of a sudden I was afraid. I was afraid he was so weak he wouldn't be able to manage the horse, that he'd be thrown and hurt; maybe killed. And if that happened, it would be my fault because I got him into it. I asked him how he felt and he said: 'Swell!'"

"I knew he didn't feel swell but he was a game kid and that's what he would say. I followed him out to the paddock and saw him start for the post. That horse knew he had a rider on him this time—a real rider and not one of the punks that had been riding him—and he went to the post as nice as you please. And when they came out of the gate, Ken was gunning. He got the horse out in front and just let him run and he won from here to that tree out there. Doc Trover had made a big bet for him—as I knew he would—and Ken told me afterward that when he squared all his debts around the track and paid his hotel bill he had \$485 left."

"But I never will forget," Frenchy said, "how he weaved in the saddle when he brought the horse back to the winner's circle and tossed his whip to his valet."



"Not too deep, please—it's eighty dollars an ounce"

BARBARA SHERMUND

The Battle of Jolon

Continued from page 16

squeezed the trigger. The pounding of automatic fire shattered the dusty silence of the scorched valley. Although they were firing blank ammunition, the explosions had a startlingly realistic sound, and they caught the advancing Blues utterly by surprise. As one man they dived into the shallow waters of the ford and a moment later could be seen crawling dripping wet up the opposite bank and out of sight.

"Got 'em all," announced Private Smith matter-of-factly, "but I'll bet that lousy umpire never saw it."

"You lose," grinned Private Buckley, as a khaki-clad figure emerged from the trees along the river and planted a red flag at the ford. "He even thinks we got a machine gun."

PRIVATE SMITH squirmed onto his back, cushioned his head on the edge of the hole, squinted at the cloudless sky, sniffed the odor of brittle baked grass and yawned. "Where was the other scrap?"

"It wasn't a scrap exactly," Private Buckley admitted reminiscently, "but it coulda been."

"Keep an eye on that red flag and give," Private Smith ordered, closing his eyes and sighing comfortably.

"It started in the Panzer Bar last Saturday night," began Private Buckley dutifully. "You know, that joint just across the river into King City."

Private Smith grunted assent.

"Sergeant Frazer and me was having a soda . . ."

"Oh, yeah?"

"With rum in it," Private Buckley amended truthfully, "when we spotted these two swell-looking babes. They was down at the end of the bar and, boy, was they honeys! One blonde and one brunette."

Private Smith grunted again.

"You know the sarge," continued Private Buckley. "He was down the bar giving 'em a burst before you could wink, and they are plenty willing to be sociable. I join the party and we order another drink—they was taking bourbon straight—and things was getting promising when along comes this major and lieutenant."

"What major and lieutenant?" asked Private Smith, and looked up to find himself gazing into the business end of an M-1 rifle in the hands of a doughboy with a blue rag tied around his left elbow. The front of the soldier's uniform was plastered with mud, accumulated obviously by dragging his wet carcass through the hot dust, and the look in his eyes was anything but friendly.

"None o' that!" he warned sharply, as Private Smith made a grab for the Browning. "You birds are prisoners."

Private Buckley got slowly to his feet, turning completely around as he arose. He was looking for an umpire, or other Blues. Seeing neither, he tilted his head slightly at Private Smith who nodded and looked up at their captor.

"Listen to him," he scoffed, "and us having him covered for the last ten minutes just waiting to see how long he'd wiggle along on his belly before he got hep." It was a bald-faced lie, and they all knew it.

"Why, you . . ." began the Blue soldier and stopped. He, too, had been looking for an umpire. He started to back away, warned by the look in Private Buckley's eyes.

"Grab him, Joe," commanded that doughty Red, and dived for the unlucky Blue scout's feet.

Private Smith flung himself into the fight and the three rolled in the dead,

dusty grass. The Blue doughboy fought like an untamed cat, but he was no match for the two Reds. They sat on his head and tied his hands behind him with his own belt.

"Here, you!" yelled an officer, materializing suddenly from nowhere. He wore the white arm band of an umpire. "Cut out this roughhouse."

"He was trying to take a sneak, sir," said Private Buckley virtuously. "We had him cold and he refused to surrender."

"It's a lie, sir," cried the Blue soldier angrily. "I caught 'em flat-footed and they know it."

"We had him covered all the time, sir," lied Private Buckley, looking the officer straight in the eyes. "We could have popped him easy."

The umpire scratched at his grimy chin. "It's two against one," he decided finally, turning to the Blue; "I'll have to rule you a prisoner."

The man sputtered, then checked himself. No use arguing with an officer. "You take 'im in, Joe," directed Private Buckley gloatingly. "I'll hold the ford."

"Git along little dogie," grinned Private Smith to the outraged Blue.

"And no more funny business," warned the umpire sternly. "This hand-to-hand stuff's got to stop."

The Blue captive went, muttering sullenly under his breath. The umpire strolled on with the air of a man who has seen his duty and done it, and Private Buckley lay down behind his gun.

Rifle fire rattled suddenly from the bushes on the near bank of the river. Men began to spring up from the ground and run forward. Private Buckley gave them a couple of bursts with the Browning and then hauled out. He had no desire to fall prisoner to these particular Blues. He had a hunch they'd seen the treatment just given their comrade and would repay in kind with a vengeance.

He ran bent double, skimming over the uneven ground like an animated brown lump. The pursuing Blues opened fire again and he nose-dived into the dead grass. Then, hugging the ground as if his life depended on it, he wriggled on, pushing the heavy automatic before him. Seven minutes later he slithered into a friendly swale in the parched field and lay panting among men of his own platoon.

A SERGEANT raised himself to one knee some fifteen yards behind the line, blew a short, sharp blast on his whistle and began to swing his right arm, palm down, in a sweeping arc before his belt. Heads poked cautiously over the forward rim of the swale and the plop-plop of rifles, firing blanks, ran down the line. Far to the left the chatter of a light machine gun cut in.

A lieutenant, traveling on hands and knees, joined the sergeant, determination on his sweat-streaked face. He pointed to the front and spoke into the sergeant's ear. The latter nodded vigorously and the officer crawled on down the line to the left. Dropping to his own fours the noncom crawled up to Private Buckley, still stretched on the ground and breathing hard.

"Your pal Smith is down there a ways," the sergeant said, pointing to the right. "Pick him up and sneak on to the end of the line and cover the advance. We're going back across the river."

"Aw, Sarge," groaned Private Buckley, "can't you give a feller time to catch his wind?" But even as he squawked, he was on his hands and knees. Sneaking along at a surprising clip, considering

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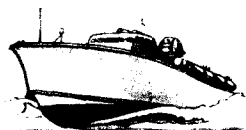
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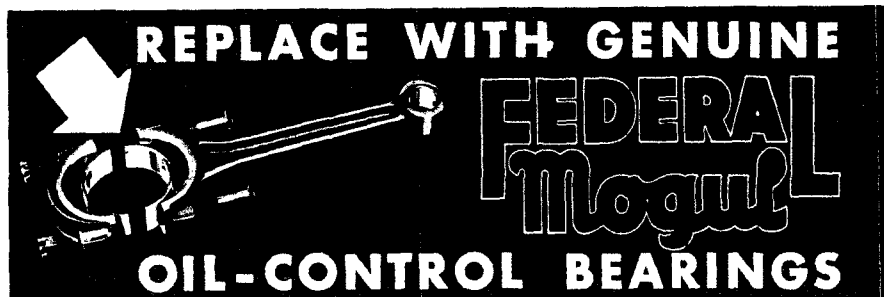
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his mode of travel, he collected his gun-mate, and the pair hustled on behind their firing rifle-men.

"What'd you do with him?" Private Buckley asked, as they came into firing position at the right of the Red line.

"Turned him over to the M. P.'s," said Private Smith. "Think I wanted to miss this? Gimme the Betsy."

Private Buckley passed him the Browning and looked back at the sergeant for instructions. That worthy had risen to his knee again. Pointing to the left of the platoon, he thrust his right fist above his head and began pumping it furiously up and down. Firing on the left ceased, and men began springing up, one at a time, and dashing forward.

"Let 'er go," ordered Private Buckley happily, and the Browning began to pound.

THE advancing men ran desperately, crouching low, zigzagging and diving into the grass some forty yards ahead of their old line, as if they were diving into a swimming pool. As they hit the ground, almost, their rifles began spurring fire again.

"Hold it," said Private Buckley, slipping empty magazines into his belt pockets. "They got us masked." The new skirmish line now came within some fifty yards of their left, bringing their own men almost within their line of fire.

Private Smith flicked on the Browning's safety and gathered himself. "That swale about fifty yards to the front and a little to the right," he said. "Got it?"

Private Buckley grunted.

"Here we go," said Private Smith, catapulting himself into the air and forward.

Private Buckley stayed put until his partner dived into the shelter of the new position, then he, too, sprang up and raced madly forward.

"They're pulling out," gloated Private Smith, unlimbering his piece.

Peering cautiously over the edge of the swale, Private Buckley glimpsed retreating Blues high-tailing it for the bushes along the river, as the left of his own line started the forward rush again. A shadow fell across his face and he looked up into the eyes of a lieutenant wearing the white arm band of an umpire.

"You men are casualties," he announced. Pulling a couple of white cardboard tags from his pocket, he scribbled the date and hour on them, bent down and fastened them through buttonholes on the two men's shirts. "Report back to Captain Roberts at your Battalion Headquarters," he directed, and went on down the line, scribbling on a pad.

Private Buckley sat up with an oath. "Just when it was getting good," he said bitterly.

Private Smith rolled onto his back and sighed. "I wonder where the kitchen is?"

"That's right," said Private Buckley brightening. "Casualties get to eat."

"And some sleep."

"And maybe a swim in the river. Come on, boy, before that ump changes his mind."

They went with alacrity, walking erect as men suddenly eased of their burdens, making wisecracks at their less-fortunate comrades plodding forward in succeeding waves.

"You was telling about that major and lieutenant," reminded Private Smith, as they came out of the baked field and onto a narrow dirt road, ankle-deep with dust. "What'd they do, try to take your women away from you?"

"Naw," said Private Buckley, mopping a rivulet of muddy sweat from the corner of his right eye. "Nothing so on the up and up as that."

"Well?" urged Private Smith.

"They ordered a drink," recounted Private Buckley, "and stood there sipping and talking in low tones. I was watching 'em in the mirror back of the bar. The lieutenant grins and ducks out, and the major orders himself another whisky and water. In about two minutes in come a couple of M. P.'s looking the joint over, and, of course, jump the sarge and me, wanting to see our passes which we ain't got."

"What did you do?" asked Private Smith, although he already knew the answer.

"What could we do?" demanded Private Buckley bitterly. "The sarge couldn't afford to lose his stripes over a couple of dames."

"The dirty so and sos," said Private Smith sympathetically.

"But we didn't beat it straight for camp, like the M. P.'s ordered," continued Private Buckley grimly. "We circled the block and come back to look in the window. The M. P.'s was gone and the major and lieutenant had moved in. We took a good look, because as the sarge says, it's a long road that don't turn and opportunity knocks unexpected. They belonged to the Seventeenth," he added thoughtfully.

Private Smith nodded. "Just like a Blue. But how does that tie in to Jolon?"

"That," said Private Buckley a trifle annoyed, "is what I'm coming to."

"Okay."

"Well," continued Private Buckley, "we was out on this patrol, sneaking along bent double and crawling on our bellies in between times and it was hot as hades. Hot as right now. And pretty soon we come to an angle in the fence, and right there ahead of us about fifty yards is the Jolon store. Sarge, he looks at the store for quite a while and then kind of grins and says, how would you birds like a nice cold bottle of beer?"

Private Smith licked his hot lips and swallowed unconsciously.

"Of course," Private Buckley went on, "this is Blue territory and we might run into trouble, the sarge says, but we don't give a hoot about that, because by this time we're all tasting that beer and rarin' to go. It was a cinch. Corporal Lucia took two men and sneaked around to the north of the store, while the rest of us come up from the south. Lucia grabs the Blue outpost cold. You shoulda seen their faces."

PRIVATE BUCKLEY paused to chuckle. "Well, we have our beer and the sarge puts the heat on the prisoners and they talk like a couple of johns. They belong to the Seventeenth, which is just moving in and bringing their supply trains right down this Jolon Road because they think we're still a mile or so down the river."

"The minute they say Seventeenth, the sarge is after 'em like a terrier. Have they got a major about five feet ten, with a fringe of black hair around his bald spot, and weighing about two hundred maybe, and who thinks he is a lady killer and goes around with a redheaded first looey, the sarge wants to know. And one john looks at the other and says why that must be the two in charge of the supply trains, they was here just a while ago."

"The sarge he lets out a whoop and says here, Wilson, take these two johns to the old man and give him this message I am about to write. Then he writes the message about the Blue supply trains coming down the road and says we are going to hold the junction and try and grab off a few trucks and maybe a major or lieutenant."

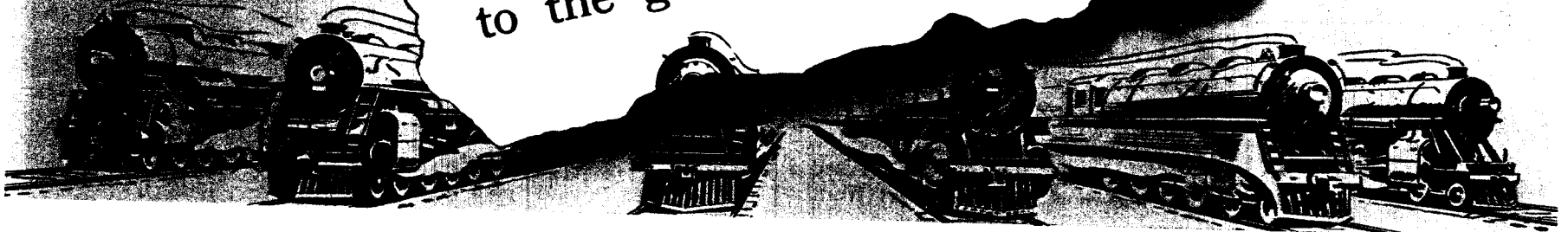
Private Buckley stopped and mopped his steaming face with a grimy hand. "Here, lemme carry that thing a while," he offered, reaching for the automatic.

"The Battalion C. P. ought to be

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around here somewhere," said Private Smith passing over the Browning. "Up this gully here, I guess." He pointed to a narrow, wooded defile coming down from the precipitous hills on their right. "Then what happened?"

"Well," said Private Buckley as they headed into the gully, "we start grabbing trucks and parking 'em under the trees on the east side of the road and pretty soon we got more prisoners than we got men. About three to one it was, and I see the sarge is getting worried and wishing the skipper'd hurry up with some reinforcements, because there ain't an umpire in forty miles.

"Then along comes this motorcycle and sidecar with this redheaded looey in it. He sees all the trucks parked under the trees and rides over and says, what's the big idea? Can't you men read a road map? And the sarge says sure they can, lieutenant, but we took 'em prisoners and so are you. So just climb out of that gas basket, if you please, sir, and I'll be sending you along to talk with the captain.

"The looey's eyes pop open and he begins to look around kind of foolish, and the sarge laughs and says, sorry, lieutenant, but I'm afraid you won't find any M. P.'s handy this time. The way he says it, with a funny little twist to the words, makes the looey's eyes pop some more. He gives the sarge a good, hard look and I see the light of recognition come over his face as they say in the story books."

Private Buckley stopped and eased the Browning to the ground. "There oughta be a sign around here some place, if this is the right gully," he said, pulling his canteen out of its canvas cover. "See if you can find the wire."

Private Smith walked on up the trail, peering into the brush on either side in search of the twisted, insulated wire of the field telephone circuit. There was none to be found. "Guess we took the wrong gully," he said, rejoining his mate. "We shoulda looked when we left the road."

Wearily they retraced their steps to the main trail, where they picked up the phone line half buried in the dust at the side of the road.

"WHAT'd the looey do then?" prompted Private Smith as they resumed their trek.

"Got out of the bathtub as cool as two A. M.," said Private Buckley, "and asked where was the umpire. Before we could answer, one of the truck drivers says, why, there ain't any, lieutenant. What? he says to the sarge, you mean you're claiming all these men prisoners and no umpire to rule on it? I never heard of such a thing.

"We took 'em two at a time as the trucks come along, the sarge tells him, but he just laughs and says who ever heard of six men holding nineteen men prisoners, even if they took 'em two at a time? And one of the truck drivers says well, gang what are we waitin' for, and the next we know they are onto us like wolves."

"The dirty so and sos," said Private Smith.

"We didn't do so bad," said Private Buckley proudly. "Of course, we had an advantage. We was wearing helmets and they just had their caps, being nothing but truck drivers, and every time one of 'em swung at us, we'd duck and take it on the dishpan. Ever slug a helmet with your bare fist?"

"No," said Private Smith.

Private Buckley laughed reminiscently. "Try it some time when you want a sore mitt."

"What happened to the lieutenant?" urged Private Smith, clinging to the main topic.

"Oh, him!" Private Buckley chuckled. "Why, he got caught in the middle of

things and the last I saw he had one beaut of a shiner and a bloody nose. Then a lot of our guys run up and the fight is over."

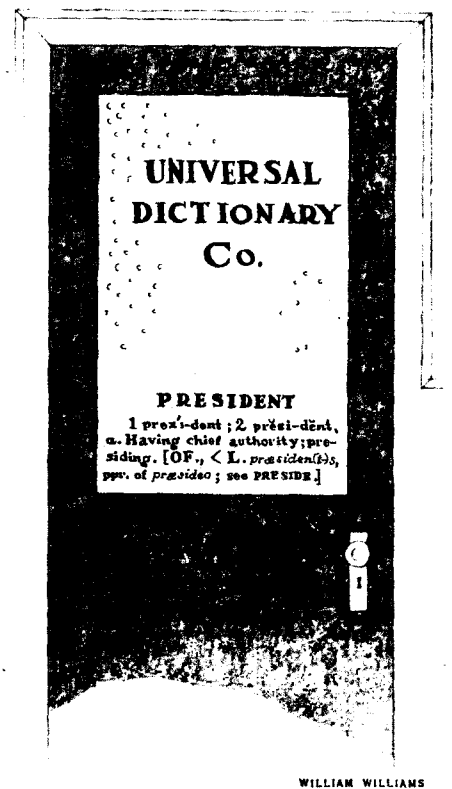
THEY had come to a piece of board nailed to the trunk of a scrub oak and bearing the scrawled legend: C. P. 1st Btn. 32d Inf. An arrow pointed to a side trail leading up a heavily wooded ravine.

Some fifty yards up the ravine they came to a little cup between the hills, where, neatly camouflaged with wisps of grass and oak boughs, the battalion headquarters nestled unobtrusively beneath the trees.

Privates Smith and Buckley went into an enclosure of camouflaged chicken wire, where a staff sergeant sat at a field desk.

"We're casualties," announced Private Smith.

"Right over there," said the sergeant, pointing to a perspiring young man with



WILLIAM WILLIAMS

a pair of silver bars on the shoulders of his damp o.d. shirt.

"What company?" asked the captain as they came to salute before him.

"B, sir," said Private Smith.

"Getting pushed back?" the captain inquired amusedly.

"Advancing," Private Buckley corrected modestly.

"Yeah?" said the captain. "Well, we're adhering strictly to regulations. Report to your kitchen."

"Yes, sir," Private Buckley saluted and went slowly out to join his mate.

The replacement detachment was falling in. He watched it form column of twos and march away, watched until the last man had disappeared down the dusty trail. Then he turned wearily up the ravine toward the company kitchens.

"Did you get to keep your prisoners?" asked Private Smith falling into step beside him.

"Naw," said Private Buckley disgustedly. "The umpires made us turn 'em all loose counta they had the rations for the whole regiment on them trucks."

"Lousy deal," said Private Smith feelingly.

"Oh, I don't know," disagreed Private Buckley. "Guys gotta eat. What burns me," he added heatedly, "is all that newspaper talk about how serious we're takin' this training. Morale!" he snorted, shifting the heavy automatic from his right to his left shoulder, "why, we didn't even think about it."

Refuge

Continued from page 21

sporting instinct which the Jerries are supposed to have when they are fliers. "You have food here?" Fleming asked. It was a long time since his own breakfast and evidently the Jerry hadn't foraged yet if he hadn't had time to change his clothes on the float.

The pistol hand stiffened at the breaking of silence, but the Jerry said, "Yes, yes, of course there is food. These boats have everything in them. They are just like home. They have everything, even a radio, but you smashed that coming down."

"Good," said Fleming. "Why don't we eat something? I'll stay where I am, all right. With this broken arm, I cannot fool you."

"I will get some food. But don't try anything."

"I won't try anything. But do you know, we're going to have to empty this ship out pretty soon. We're leaking."

The German went over to the lockers, turning only sideways away from Fleming. He started fishing out chocolate, sausage, brown bread. He tried not to let Fleming see his eyes search the deck seams for the leak. He said:

"Always they give us fliers good things to eat. Even here. Your people do not get such things."

"Oh, I don't know," said Fleming easily. "Can you see that leak?"

"There is no leak. This water is just what has splashed in, and what you brought in with you. These boats are safe."

Keeping his pistol in his right hand, the Jerry slid a plate toward Fleming on his good side. Fleming watched the water they had shipped drag at the German's feet.

"What if we sink before the launch comes?" Fleming said. "Can you swim?"

"It will come in time. It never fails. I will not have to swim, and neither will you. You will be a prisoner."

But the young German, as he ate, watched the water slide across the cabin floor. It was visibly deeper. It had filled the buoyant space beneath the cabin and now was splashing up at the bunks whenever the float pitched sharply.

THE German finished eating and pulled on a dry sweater, a pair of pants. He put his weapon at the foot of the bunk nearest the hatchway and, with a sharp glance at Fleming, started scooping water onto the outer deck with a pail. The deck was awash, with the wire cables around it dipping under passing swells. The German scooped water methodically, then paused and looked at his prisoner.

"If you let me come over there, I can help," said Fleming.

The German nodded and stood back, gun in hand, while Fleming made the painful move by sliding on his seat. His left forearm was the size of a leg, the fist dull blue. He kept the thumb hooked in his belt for support and ground his teeth when he bumped the shattered elbow against the door jamb. The German watched him closely and handed him the pail. Fleming dipped it awkwardly, poured it out the doorway, filled it again. The German got another pail and worked beside him, his gun again in his pocket. They buckled down to bailing out their craft but after a while they could see they were getting nowhere. The cabin was filling up. They must try something more drastic or the float would sink.

The German went out on deck. He strained his eyes into the thick fog. He

shouted three times, listening hard for an answer between shouts. Only the wet wind, buffeting the float's tower and crinkling the sea between wave crests, replied.

The German came inside and ordered Fleming to keep on bailing. He got some rags, opened a clasp knife and went to the leak which now, between pitches, you could see plainly. It was beside the butt of the radio mast, where it was stepped through the decking into the bilge. Evidently the crashing Hudson had done more than cut off the float's communication. Plates were sprung underneath, and now the sea gurgled slowly into the cabin. The refuge was turning into a trap.

THE young German knelt beside the leak and busily poked strips of rag into the sprung place with his blade. They would stay for a little while, then flutter free and trail out of the crevice with any hard surge of the water beneath. The cabin was filling up steadily and soon all the German's work was under water. He gave it up.

"This thing is going down," he said, "and I cannot swim."

"Neither can I, very far," said Fleming. "What about those mattresses? Aren't they made to float?"

"Yes, they will float. But where? Where will they take us?"

"We can tie them to the anchor chain. Buoy ourselves and just stay here."

"But will the launch see us when it comes? When the float is gone they will pass right by through the fog, looking for it."

"That's a better chance than staying in here and drowning," said Fleming. "Come on, let's get down those mattresses."

The German made packages of food which they stuffed under their clothes. In a tackle locker was plenty of half-inch line, new and strong. The German took one end of it, went out on deck and started around the conning tower toward the bow. He had to feel for footholds under the sweeping seas. He missed once and lunched against the tower, scrabbling to stay aboard. The movement jolted his pistol out of the trouser pocket where he had shoved it loosely. It fell on the deck and slithered away overside before he could stoop and grab it. He straightened up and clutched the tower's streaming side, frozen by the knowledge that he was unarmed.

Fleming's voice came from the hatchway, astern: "Hurry up, Jerry. We haven't got much longer."

The German looked back, and realized that the Britisher could not have seen the gun fall. The rest of the rags still made a bulge in his pocket. He felt the bulge, pressed it with his hand to make it look flat, shifted his clasp knife into it to lend hardness. He struggled forward to the ringbolts, and there stopped when it dawned on him that the anchor chain would be too heavy for the pneumatic mattresses to support as a mooring. He made his way back to the hatchway and, after another look at his bulging pocket, showed Fleming the loose line in his hand, explained the new predicament.

"Never mind," said Fleming, who had dragged himself and two mattresses into launching position. "We have enough line to use the whole float as our anchor, if she goes on down. Make fast to the guard cables there and let's get away before we're sucked under."

They lashed the two mattresses together, then added a third for still more

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That thought made Fleming look around sharply at his companion. His eyes were closed but Fleming's look or his movement made him open them. As their eyes met, the Jerry's pistol hand started for his pocket, but Fleming's hand was quicker. He pinned the other's wrist before the hand could come out of the pocket, and they lay there tensed, straining, Fleming holding the Jerry down for just the few moments it would

The German swung a fist at Fleming's face, the fist with the rags and knife clutched in it. It was an awkward swing from a lying-down position. Fleming parried it, falling back to use his legs and feet for protection if necessary. His bad arm shot hot lightning through him. But the German didn't swing again. Instead he swayed up on his knees and shouted into the wind, shouted and bel-

Fleming wondered if the German had any self-preservative courage left, in case other help came near. Or in case the wind changed. When Fleming crashed, the wind was from the south.

By bending their rope into a heavy hank and dragging it after them, they managed to keep their rudderless bed from performing slow pinwheels. The following seas rose and fell under them like dragging pulse beats. The wind tore at them in gusts and they gave it their backs, faces down. Through the morbid continuum of fog they wallowed blindly. Occasionally they heard aircraft overhead; twice the distant *cr-rump* of heavy bombs exploding, in which direction they could not tell . . .

He was so preoccupied downwind that it was the German, before Fleming, who saw abeam of them the periscope and conning tower of a submarine, the long wash of her bows as she nosed to

By Larry Reynolds



Fleming's arm nearly had him delirious. He too lay inert, glad he didn't have to fight just now. To fight with his tortured body instead of with a gun, from a powerful aircraft. . . . His mind bored through his pain and soared above it. As in a dream his brain suddenly, clearly objectified his body and the German's—two small human fragments lying there in the watery no-man's land between two gigantic war machines. For

The young German did not see or stir as Fleming inched forward and worked loose the knot that held them to the derelict float. The line made no sound running out to trail crookedly in the small wake which at once appeared behind them. The only change was that the waves stopped slapping so sharply

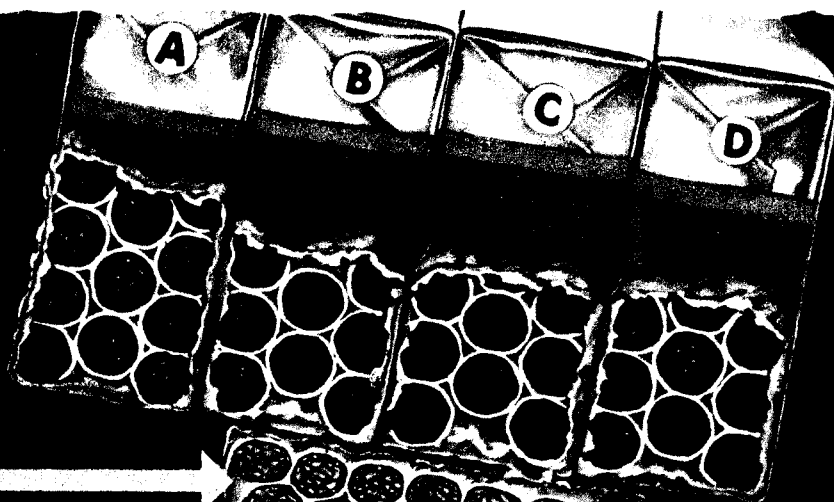


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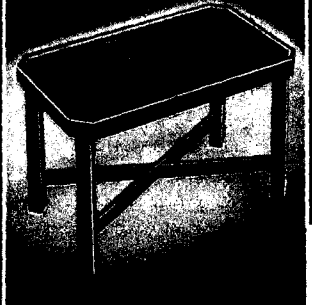
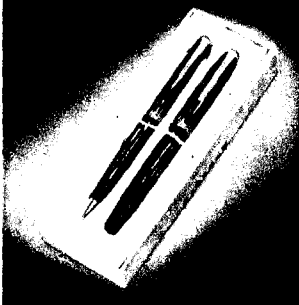
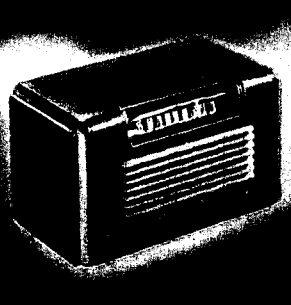


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the surface. She was less than one hundred yards away. No markings betrayed her nationality but the two castaways knew at once she was German. Something about her sharklike lines told the young Jerry. Something in his heart told Fleming, for he saw that she was crippled. She was streaming that oil he had been looking for, making a wide slick on the sea even before her whole hulk came into view. The destroyer's depth charges had damaged her, forced her to come up from her crash-dive, to try running for home on the surface.

The young Jerry was up on his elbow flapping his white scarf wildly. Fleming caught the scarf, tried to wrench it away. The Jerry pushed him back fiercely and went on flailing the air, croaking pitifully. Fleming waited on his back for a staggering surge of pain to subside in his arm, then went for the Jerry again. This time heavy blows in the face drove him off, but he held to the Jerry's sleeve, dragged him down, dragged him backward, backward, overboard. . . .

IN THE U-136 matters were just as desperate as they were at the mattress raft, where the lookout could see two men signaling, then struggling. Then the lookout could see them no more. He reported the sight to his captain, of course, but this was no moment for U-136 to pick up castaways. Her forward compartments were flooded. Pumps were going in the after control room. Somewhere behind her a pair of destroyers circled angrily, watching for her blood to rise, listening with their

asdlcs, trailing her terribly through the fog. Only with the fog and with all the speed she could muster might U-136 escape. She glided away from the mattress raft and from the two heads bobbing beside it among the waves. . . .

THAT evening, the captain of the destroyer, Bedouin, handed in his report: "Enemy submarine sighted at 16:19 fourteen miles s.s.e. Dungeness. Engaged immediately with six rounds 4.7 at 400 yards, but he crash-dived. Dropped depth charges at the spot but lost contact in fog until 16:48 when we found heavy oil traces. Overtook U-136 surfaced and with speed reduced, at 16:55. He surrendered with all hands.

"Returned on course to pick up two people seen floating beside a life raft. They were Air Gunner C. Fleming, 147th bombardment squadron, R.A.F., and a German flight sergeant, his prisoner."

And three nights later, in the 147th's mess, with his left arm bulging in a cast and sling, Air Gunner Fleming had to answer some questions.

"How'd you stay afloat after he knocked you for six?"

"I dunno. Just happened to come up alongside the ruddy raft. I grabbed it and hung on until the good old Bedouin put about for us."

"Good show. But what about the Jerry? He couldn't swim, could he?"

"Oh, him. Well, when he came up the second time, I reached out a leg and pulled him back to our happy home. Jolly little yacht she was, too."

Any Week

Continued from page 4

Jap, "you and your friends were speaking somewhat lightly of a certain Charlie and his wife Emma." The journalist cautiously admitted it. "As I understand it, and hope you realize, this Charlie and Emma are Germans named Schultz. Am I not correct?" Our friend thought fast and assured the politician that he was eminently correct. "Splendid," said the Jap. "I had hoped as much. Hereafter let me suggest, when you speak of this Charlie and Emma, mention their family name—Schultz. Thus the Japanese police will be in no doubt and the friendly relations that will ever exist between our two glorious countries will not be exposed to strain."

SO MRS. BLACKFOOT is an air warden. Mr. Jules Theabeau of New York City who knows Mrs. Blackfoot well has told us about it. Mrs. Blackfoot is an elderly and patriotic lady whose only contact with the cops, until very recently, was a traffic officer who for many years has stood guardian over children and ladies like Mrs. Blackfoot in one of New York's quietest and most respectable neighborhoods. A banker friend of Mrs. Blackfoot, himself the warden, appointed her. She was unable to sleep that night. The next morning, pale, taut but valiant, she said to the manager of the hotel where she has lived for twenty years, "If I am not back here in the hotel in three quarters of an hour, please come to the Twenty-third Street police station for me." Said the manager: "Why, Mrs. Blackfoot, what on earth's the matter?" She told him that she was an air warden, that she had to report to the station house, that she had never been in a police station. The manager reassured her and off she went—straight, pale, determined, frightened. Five minutes later the manager sent a bellboy to be sure that all went well with her. The bellboy found her standing rigid and valiant at the sergeant's desk.

Mrs. Blackfoot was speaking in a tight, strained voice. "Fingerprint me?" she was saying. "Fingerprint me. Very well. I will do it for my country." So gently they led her to the identification room where a big cop gently took her prints. She grew tenser and paler but stood up with beautiful fortitude. Then the cops escorted her gallantly to the door, saluted and thanked her. The bellboy squirmed her back to the hotel. Once inside she fainted. They carried Mrs. Blackfoot to her suite, called a doctor who prescribed tea and quiet. We know that our enemies will not listen, but we think it would be nice of them to postpone any contemplated air raid on New York for a couple of weeks. By then Mrs. Blackfoot will be quite all right again.

ALSO the state of Maine has no intention of being caught napping. Our Down East agent, on his rounds in Washington County, reports that the police, augmented by the American Legion, were on the verge of surrendering to boredom when somebody remembered that a while back somebody had said that a Jap with a camera had been seen in the neighborhood of Lubec photographing sardine plants. And they're sardine plants, no fooling. Anyway the constabulary, regular and volunteer, leaped into action. The countryside was thoroughly searched, but no Jap found. Presently, however, one of the legionnaires appeared with an honest but very irate Indian whom he had grabbed off the Pleasant Point Reservation. Anyway, the fellow looked somewhat Oriental, and the legionnaire was taking no chances. They grilled him for some time and then admitted defeat when the superintendent of the reservation appeared with proof that their man was nothing more enemy alien than an Indian who made his living weaving baskets. . . . W. D.

Sailor in a Spitfire

Continued from page 17

Anyhow, we came out of the clouds at 17,000 feet, and we came out with Freeborn's wing tucked right inside mine, and on the left Bertie Aubert, who was half American, had his wing tip nestling close. I said through my intercomm disc, "Nice flying, boys," and then I looked ahead toward France and saw something else. France was our ally then, remember. I saw black puffs about 15,000 feet over Calais. The ack-ack guns kept firing and that meant there were Jerry airplanes around. I yelled "Tallyho, over Calais! Let's cut some cake!"

We opened up fast. A Spitter can cross the Channel quicker than you can cross the street. There were clouds between us and Calais. We shot through them and then we emerged and instinctively, I guess, without thinking, I pulled my stick back and shot up and at the same time pressed the button that set my eight guns roaring. A Heinkel 111 had loomed up only fifty yards in front of me and perhaps a hundred yards above me. My guns splattered him from tail to nose, and the Heinkel just came apart in the air. It literally exploded, and then I yelled through my intercomm: "Reform! Reform!"

I'd tasted blood at last. It was an exhilarating feeling. I had been wondering how I'd act in my first show and now I knew. I knew you did just what you'd been told to do in the long months of training. We streaked on, the three of us, and then 500 yards to the left I saw a Junkers 88. He had 800 yards to go before he could find clouds. I called, "Bertie, take that one to port." And old man Aubert (he was eighteen) banked fast. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the red spurts coming from his guns and I saw smoke leaping out of the Junkers. We were over Calais now, and it looked as if a big bombing raid was on. There were plenty of Jerry airplanes up in that sky, we were right in the middle of a packet of them. "That one to your right, Johnny," I called, and Freeborn hurried off. I could imagine him grinning, with his right thumb itching to press that button. I kept on looking for one.

I found one—a nice fat Junkers 88. I love to shoot down Junkers. They have rear gunners above and below so you have to approach them a bit differently. This one was a good 800 yards away. I closed to 500 yards before shooting. I didn't think I'd hit him at that range, but I did. I saw the bullets splash against his starboard wing root—that's where the wing meets the fuselage. I closed to 150 yards and burst bullets all over him. I wondered why he wasn't shooting back. Then he dived down in flames, and I started looking for my two men.

I found Johnny Freeborn, all right, and he told me, chuckling, that he'd got two. But we couldn't locate Bertie Aubert. We cruised around looking for trouble and for Bertie, but couldn't find either. Our petrol was getting low, so I told Johnny we were off for home. We found out later that Bertie had bagged his plane and another, probably, and, lacking petrol, had landed at the Calais airdrome.

We got home and I felt good.

Our section had done well. Beyond that I felt good because I knew now that this was for me. The group captain sent Johnny and me a bottle of champagne, and we felt like two old veterans. Now I'd shot down two planes and killed several men, but somehow you never think of the men who go down with the airplanes. I've never realized that men are actually getting killed when I shoot down a Jerry plane.

Fighting in the air is an impersonal affair. Sometimes when I shoot down one that is loaded with bombs I say to myself, "Well, you won't drop those bombs on London tonight," and that makes you feel good. You never think of pilots you've killed. I didn't, that first day, and haven't since. I haven't too much imagination, I'm happy to say. Fighter pilots shouldn't have imagination. When you are fighting, you have to act instinctively all the time. If you have to stop and think of the consequences you will probably be dead, and there's time enough for that later.

I felt good when I went to bed that night, and I laughed to myself because since boyhood I'd wanted to be a sailor, and here at last I'd found a real job. I thought of those early days on the farm before I'd ever seen an airplane—those days when I had pictures of H.M.S. Broke and H.M.S. Renown on my bedroom wall. I was born in South Africa, at Wellington, which is forty-five miles from Cape Town. My father is descended from French Huguenot stock, freely mixed with Dutch blood in South Africa. But my mother was English. The French are opportunists. The Dutch have vigor, tenacity and patience. The English have more courage than any other people in the world. So I have been lucky in my parents.

When I was thirteen I left the farm for the training ship General Botha. At sixteen I went to sea. I suppose it's the dream of every kid to feel a deck under his feet. My father was understanding enough to let me have my way. At sixteen I knew Baltimore and Philadelphia and New York, but I felt a vague dissatisfaction. Just as I'd get to know people in a port, our ship would sail on and I'd never meet them again. I suppose my roots were still in the farm. I sailed the Indian and Atlantic oceans a lot and finally got my second mate's ticket.

Up to this time I don't think I had ever seen an airplane. But then Charles Lindbergh flew the Atlantic. He was my first hero—he was the hero of every South African and English kid. From that moment I wanted to fly. There came a slump in shipping and I joined the Naval Reserve. I had three wonderful months on H.M.S. Exeter. I love the R.A.F., but I'll never get over my loyalty to our navy. The efficiency, the fine discipline, the excellent treatment and above all the high caliber of naval officers on the Exeter is something I'll never forget.

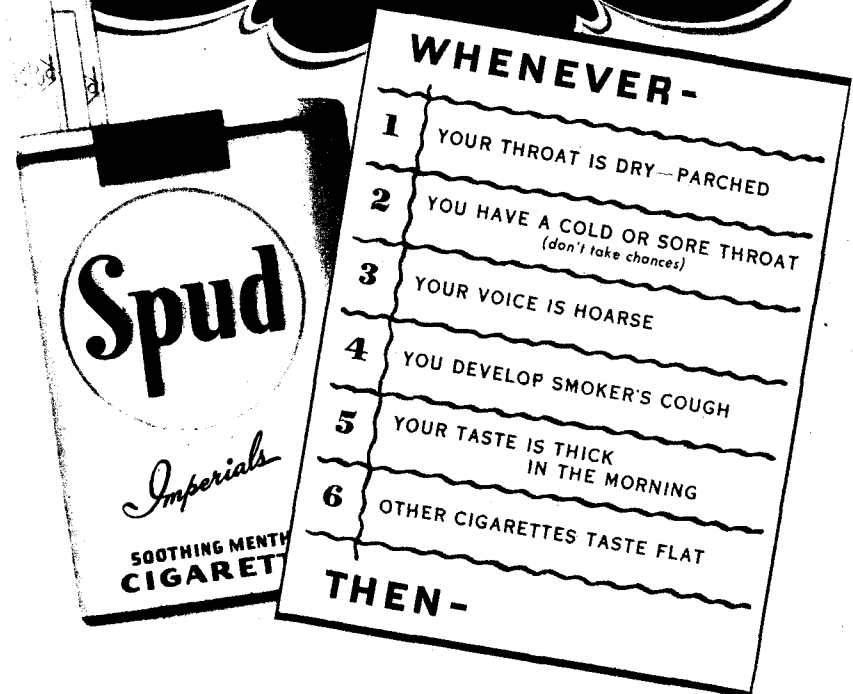
Then Baldwin, who was Prime Minister, raised the age limit of the R.A.F. to twenty-five. I was just twenty-five and I joined up.

Every pilot remembers his first solo flight. I've been in more than a hundred combats since that May 21st, but I only remember two or three of them. However, I'll never forget my first solo flight. I'd been having trouble with my landings—what pilot doesn't? One day I landed and it wasn't too bad, and my instructor hopped out of the back cockpit and said casually, "Off you go!"

I said, "Who, me?" and he turned away. I shrugged my shoulders and taxied off. I did everything he'd told me to do and in a few seconds I was air-borne. I did a few circuits and landed—the best landing I had ever made. I was a pilot! But I had a long, long way to go before the R.A.F. would consider me good enough for my wings.

The remainder of this article has been delayed by British censors. It will appear next week.

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THE ORIGINAL MENTHOLATED CIGARETTE

China Gold

Continued from page 12



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"Never saw you, never heard of you!" he said gaily. "Should I? Are you somebody?"

She could not entirely disbelieve those dark eyes and yet the habit of her life would not let her believe that here was a man who had not heard the name of Elaine Brian.

"No, there is no reason why you should know me," she said. "Actually, I'm nobody."

The moment she said it she felt curiously free, even of her despair. When her mother was dead, that was how she could escape this despair. She would be nobody's daughter.

The young man was looking down into her intent face. She was not thinking about him. He could see that whatever she was thinking about was absorbing her mind and it was not he.

"My name is Larch Corpran," he said.

"Is it?"

Her dark blue eyes lifted themselves to his face a cool instant and then her lashes fell again. Very black lashes, he noticed, for the gold of the hair against her pale cheek. She was so small he could have lifted her with one hand if she stepped into his palm. He had never seen such a small woman, though his own mother and his sister were small.

"Don't you care?" he asked her.

"About what?" she asked, and he saw her eyes blank with truth.

"What my name is," he said.

"No," she replied.

There is something wrong with her, he thought. This girl is in some sort of trouble. But what trouble could she have, walking along the richest street in the world? He glanced at her. She looked all right, at least she did not look very poor. With a face like that, how could she be in trouble—unless it was the wrong sort of trouble?

She had the impulse to cry out to him: "Don't speak to me—please leave me alone! My mother is dying and I love my mother better than I do anybody in the world." But she did not speak. If she spoke he would know who she was, tomorrow—the day after—whenever it was that the daily papers would cry out the cruel news. Obituaries—newspapers kept them ready. Outside her mother's house as she left it she remembered now that there had been a couple of unobtrusive young men, waiting, watching. They had been kind enough not to ask her anything, recognizing who she was as she came down the steps, and she had pretended not to see them.

"Are you hungry?" the young man asked gently.

She stopped with an effort bringing her mind to what he said. "I—don't know," she said.

HE SEIZED her arm again. "Good heavens! You are! That's why you look like the fragment of a ghost! I can't feed you here on Park Avenue, but there's a good place a couple of blocks away where I can."

She let herself be led along feeling the warmth of his swift body suddenly warmer than the sunshine. He really did not know who she was, and she need not tell him.

They went into a small poor restaurant but quite clean, she noticed, fastidious in spite of herself. Even poverty must be clean. This young man, she saw, now that he sat opposite from her, looked poor, too, but beautifully clean. His frayed blue shirt collar was fresh and his big hands were washed and the nails tended. She was used to all sorts of handsome clean men openly eager to be friends with Elaine Brian or hiding

their eagerness under pride. But this young man was neither eager nor proud. He was simply friendly and, she thought, perhaps naturally gay. He looked as though he had always been happy.

He ordered the food with care, frowning for a moment over file of flounder or chopped beefsteak.

"Chopped steak," he decided. "I'm hungry, myself. How about you?"

"Anything," she said. "I don't care much for food."

He ordered the steak and then turned a severe look upon her. "You oughtn't to say you don't care about good food," he said. "Think of all the people who have nothing!"

She looked at him, surprised, and for an instant, despair weakened in vague interest. She had never thought of people who had nothing. "Why?" she asked.

"You ought to think of them," he said. "My mother always taught us that."

She laughed, she who a moment before would have thought laughter further from her than she could imagine. "I've never seen anybody like you before. Where do you come from?"

"Median, Kansas," he said. "Population 1,015."

"You didn't like it enough to stay there?"

The chopped beef was before them and to her surprise it tasted good. She was hungry.

"Sure I do, but I want to make money and they told me New York was the place for that," he said.

She glanced at him sharply at the word money, her guard up. But his dark eyes were merry and innocent. He was so tall that he sat too high above the little table.

"Have you made any money yet in New York?" she asked him. But she

did not care what his answer would be. Adventure was merely delaying grief.

"Not a cent," he said cheerfully. "Well, not more than enough to feed myself. I'd like to know where they keep their old money, the tightwads!"

He smiled at her. How could he find out about her? She was eating as though she were really hungry. She looked as though she had not slept. The good clothes, perhaps, were all she had.

"Do you have a job?"

She looked up, startled. "A job? You mean, work?"

"What else?"

She considered. "Yes, I suppose it's a job."

"What is it?"

"Well, I've been—more like a social secretary than anything else."

"To a man?"

"No, a woman—" Had she not helped her mother with her complicated life, always made difficult by too much money?

"I'm glad it's not a man."

SHE laughed and then wondered how could she laugh. She wiped her lips delicately and rose. "I must be getting back," she said. She was suddenly in an agony to see her mother. What had she been thinking of to be away so long?

"But we have a dessert!" he cried.

"I'm sorry—I can't wait."

"Can't you tell your boss something?"

She shook her head. "No—I must get back to her."

He rose and flung down the money he had hastily counted.

"Then I'll come with you."

"No, please!"

"Can't I even see where you work?"

"I'm going in—a—a bus," she said. She had been about to say a taxi.



ERIC PETERS

"I've been on every bus in New York," he said.

But in the bus there had been no seats, and swinging from straps, they could not talk. When they got off, the two young men were still hovering near the house, and her heart jumped. Then her darling was not gone!

"Don't come with me to the door," she begged Larch Corpran.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because—it doesn't look right."

But he lingered. "Who are those fellows?"

"I don't know."

"What are they hanging around for?"

"Newspaper reporters—maybe."

"Newspaper reporters!" he paused and then he took in the great solid house.

"Is that where you work?"

"Yes—please, I must go."

"Gosh—but if you go in there I'll never see you again! Look—where do you live?"

"I have to live here—with her."

"You do? You poor kid! Why, that's awful! It's a tomb. Is there anybody else but you two?"

"My—her husband."

"What's he?"

"White-haired."

"Well, I hope so!"

He took her arm and she pulled away. "Now, please!" She saw the two reporters glancing at her and she grew frantic. "Please, I must go! I must!"

He let her go instantly and she saw she had hurt him. "I'm sorry! I thought perhaps you wanted to be friends, too. We're too friendly, maybe, out in the West. I was counting on—seeing you again."

His pleasant voice was so warm, he was so contrite, that suddenly she knew she did want to see him again. Oh, but when? After?

"I don't know when"—she said—"you see, we may be going away—"

He felt in his breast pocket, as she faltered, and drew out a small worn notebook and scribbled his name and address and tore out the leaf. "I'll be waiting," he said.

He tipped his hat and turned away, and she ran up the steps. In her hand was the scrap of paper with his name upon it. She thrust it into the pocket of her jacket as the heavy door opened.

"We've been looking for you everywhere, Miss Elaine," the butler said gravely. She looked at him, her lips locked in terror. The old man who had known her mother before Elaine was born moved his head once. "Yes," he said gently, "she is gone."

SHE ran past him up the stairs and past the closed door of her mother's room. She had never before gone by that door without the impulse to go in. Now she knew she would never want to go in again. But of course she must.

"I don't want to see her dead," she thought passionately. In her own room she closed the door and locked it. They would never understand if she refused. They would insist that she see her mother dead. If she did, then as long as she lived she would know her mother was dead. If she did not have to see her dead she could always think that perhaps she was still alive somewhere, waiting.

"If she is really dead I have no one in the world," she thought. She sat down in the deep blue velvet chair her mother had given her last Christmas and remembered what had been on the card: "When you sit in this chair, think that my arms are around you." "Oh!" she sighed and turned her face to the soft stuff.

For her father was no one. She knew, though, neither her father nor her mother had ever murmured against each other to her nor had there ever

been in this house the sound of quarreling, that she had stood as a shield between them. But perhaps they had quarreled very bitterly. The house was so huge that much quarreling might have gone on and no one heard it except those two who hated each other.

"Oh, mother!" she whispered, "Oh, I ought not to have been away!"

Now it occurred to her that while she was away with that man she had never seen before and cared nothing whether she ever saw again, while she had been with him her beloved had died. Had her mother at the last moment waked and known she was gone? The question flashed upon her with agony and she had to know its answer. She went to the door and unlocked it and then tiptoed to her mother's door and listened. She heard low voices and she opened the door, terrified and yet urgent. The high footboard of her mother's bed was a screen and she could not see beyond it. But at the bed stood the nurse and Dr. Trent.

"Oh!" she gasped, "did she call for me?—I mean before—"

"No," Dr. Trent said gently, "she did not wake."

HE HAD seen to it that Mary Brian did not wake to more agony. He looked up then to see plenty of agony on her daughter's face and he turned to the living woman.

"You must control your grief, Elaine," he said. "Remember that it would have meant great suffering for her to have lived on. She had too much suffering as it was—of all kinds," he added to himself. Yes, he knew that Mary Brian was glad to have done with living. The last thing she had said to him two days ago when she turned her face toward him with such effort had been to whisper in that faintest of voices, "Don't try to make me live!"

"I can't, my dear," he had said. There was no deceiving that dying mind, still too cool and too shrewd not to discern a lie.

But she had had one more thing to say. "I am giving my burden to Elaine—just as heavy on her—as on me—"

"Elaine is young and strong," he had replied. To this she had not answered, though if she had she might have said, "So once was I."

"You must control yourself," he repeated now to Elaine. Yes, she must be ready for the reading of that will whereby Mary Brian put upon her daughter all her burden.

But he saw Elaine obey his demand. She straightened her shoulders and drew her lips together. She was, he could see, dreading to walk around the end of that high footboard. He would help her.

"Come and see your mother," he said, his calm voice unchanging. "She looks as though she were resting at last."

And Elaine, fighting down her own resistance to that invitation, moved forward and forced her eyes to the pillow. Yes, there was her mother. It was true she looked as though she were resting. But she was dead. Now Elaine saw her mother was really dead, she went closer and stood beside the bed, very close. But she had not the least impulse to put out her hand and touch the quiet hands folded on the quiet breast. On those beautiful hands the diamond rings still glittered. Her mother had not wanted them taken off even when she was ill. They made a light upon which her dimming eyes could focus and she could lie and look at them.

"We must take off her rings," the nurse now said.

"No—she shall keep them," Elaine said violently. "She loved them."

The nurse turned shocked and protesting eyes to the doctor, and the doctor spoke for her. "Elaine, I think you ought to take them off," he said. "After

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all—we must remember—we cannot be with her every moment until—"

What he meant was that hirelings at the last moment might be tempted to rob her mother. "Very well," Elaine said, and then she put out her hands and touched the cold hands and slipped off the loose rings and held them. But the touch had suddenly taken away her terror. She stooped and kissed her mother's cheek, not passionately as she would have done if her mother had been alive, but shyly.

"Goodby," she whispered, and felt as she spoke the word, that it was endless and forever and she turned and walked away.

THE third morning after her mother's death the day dawned so beautiful that to Elaine it was sacrilege. She was in the midst of the pause between death and a life that must again be lived. The funeral had in its somber way kept her busy with things that were yet somehow to be done for her mother. But now the last sign of funeral was gone from the house. She rose, ashamed that she had slept at last after sleeping so little for two other nights, and with the feeling that now there was nothing but time left her and endless time, she made herself ready slowly for what seemed an empty day.

When she was dressed she saw that she needed a brooch at her throat and she opened her jewel case to find what she wanted. There were her mother's rings where she had dropped them two nights ago. She picked them up remembering how they had always looked upon her mother's hands.

"I want to wear them," she thought suddenly. She put them on and had at once a sense of comfort, as though upon her hand was her mother's touch. "I shan't take them off," she thought.

She went downstairs, the great house as silent about her as though she were the only person in it. In the breakfast room the table was laid for one and she knew her father was not coming.

But when she sat down she found at her plate a note from her father. She had not seen him since they stood together side by side at the funeral. When they had come home he had gone to his rooms and had not left them since. Now she took the note, and was glad the inevitable hour of their meeting, still postponed itself. What would she and her father have to say to each other when her mother was no longer with them? She could imagine nothing. She opened the note with the feeling that it was from someone strange to her yet whom she might possibly be about to know.

But the note was as cold as his usual speech. "Please come to the library this afternoon at five. Your mother's will is to be read."

That was all. He had not even signed himself her father. Instead he had written his initials. She crumpled the note and sat down and ate her breakfast as it was served to her, in silence. Her personal letters were brought to her, and she looked at them. There were many of them and she had no wish to read more letters of condolence. Scores of such letters were now being answered by secretaries, and she would take these letters to them, too.

But as she turned the envelopes she saw a plain envelope and in its corner a name firmly written, *Larch Corpran*. She gazed at it, wondering if she cared to open it. He must know now who she was, and he had presumed upon their casual meeting to write to her and press his acquaintance. Ah, she had had that happen often enough! But still she was a little curious and, ready to be indignant, she tore open the envelope. Within it was a single sheet of paper, and upon the sheet in the same clear

black writing—with a bad pen, she could see—were written a few lines. They began without address:

"I have waited two days. That is long enough. Tomorrow at noon, because I have a job, at the same corner where fate threw you at me, I shall wait all during my lunch hour and if you do not come, I shall go starving."

"He doesn't know," she thought. "Or else he is pretending." She put the letter down, then picked it up again and put it into her pocket and with the others in her hand she walked toward the room which had been her mother's office. Two girls worked there busily, piles of envelopes stacked before them.

"Here are some more," she said, and added her own to the stacks.

They smiled at her eagerly, the same eager smiles she had always seen spring into fictitious life upon the faces of those who served her. She answered with a faint smile as fictitious as theirs and went away again.

Now around her was only the empty house and her intolerable grief and all the weight of her being. She thought of those to whom she might turn and then could not turn to them. Not one of them could forget who she was, the richest woman in the world, now that her mother was dead. She had no close relatives. Her father and mother were only children, as she herself was an only child, and her grandparents were dead. Beyond that, how could one count even upon blood?

She wandered about from room to room into which the sunshine fell in long beams from great windows, and there was nothing for her anywhere. She was in no mood for reading, she whom life had already withdrawn from the world too much. If she heard music, she said to herself in the music room, she would only begin to cry again as she had cried the night through after the funeral. Upon her wound there was still so thin a skin that music would tear it open again and make it bleed.

SO THE hours crept past and noon drew near. When it was near she knew it. She felt the note she had thrust into her pocket crisp in her hand. There it was. To him perhaps she was not Elaine Brian, but simply a girl he had stumbled upon and he wanted to see her again. Did she want to see him again?

"I'd want to see anyone who doesn't know me," she thought, "anyone who could get me out of this house!"

She ran upstairs and changed swiftly into the plainest of dark blue suits and put on her head a small blue hat with a white wing. She had not bought mourning because her mother had forbidden it but this blue was almost black. Then she went down again and let herself out of the heavy door, and walked quickly through the sunshine and down the avenue. Oh, what a bright day, she thought, to sharpen grief! She tried not to think of the darkness in which her mother slept and yet she could not keep her eyes from seeing the silent figure in that darkness, until suddenly she saw Larch Corpran.

He was there. She looked up and saw him standing tall and watching as she came near. When he saw her he leaped among the cars and crossed the traffic toward her and met her, relief clear upon his face.

"You're here!" he cried. "I kept telling myself you would come but I didn't believe it for a minute. There were so many things to keep you away. Suppose your boss had taken the notion to have you work right through lunch, for instance?"

She smiled not answering and he did not see more than the smile.

"I've found a place for our lunch," he said gaily, taking her arm and swinging into step. "It is a small place, new,

so everything is clean and cheap and good. I've kept looking for a place like that for today."

He knew nothing, she saw that and suddenly her heart which had been so bound in its grief felt loosened and eased. She need say nothing. She could just listen, with no necessity for being anyone.

He swept her along and they turned a corner and then another and another and went down steps and into a door, and a small shining room was before them. It was not too crowded and a kind old man came up and whispered that he had kept a table just as Mr. Corpran had ordered.

"Good," Larch said. "Because otherwise I should have raised a fuss."

SHE smiled again, not having said a dozen words, but he did not notice her silence because he was busy ordering the meal he wanted for her. Then when it was ordered he had to make sure that she was comfortable, and then he leaned forward to look at her.

"You are prettier than I thought. I've kept telling myself that you couldn't be as pretty as I remembered." He laughed. "You mustn't mind me. I never waste time, that's all. The minute I know what I want I go straight after it."

"How simple life must be for you," she said.

"It is," he retorted. "That's how I came to New York. I want to be rich. I'm going to make a lot of money and have everything I want. The only difference in me since I met you is that I'm going to make it even quicker than I thought. I want it right away."

She evaded this. "How do you know money will buy you what you want?"

"It won't buy me what I want most," he said quickly. "I'm not such a fool as to think that. But it will buy me everything I want to go with it." He laughed. "Meanwhile I make fifty a week."

"Fifty a week!" she repeated. It did not occur to her that anyone could live on that. She had been given fifty a week for pocket money when she was still a young girl. But he mistook her surprise.

"Not bad, is it?" he said proudly. "Two could live on that easily. But I'm going to get a raise."

She perceived his mistake and was grateful for it. "What do you do?" she asked. For the first time in all these days her grief receded.

"Bank," he said, "and I'll drop it like a dead cat when I can find a job that pays me more."

"No, but what do you like to do?" she persisted.

"I don't know yet," he replied. "That's what I'm waiting to find out. Meantime I'm thrifty."

"No, but what were you educated for?" she asked again.

"Hard work," he said shortly. "Nothing else."

"College?"

"No—but if you mean I sound—educated—my mother was a teacher and she went to college."

"That explains," she said.

"It just about explains everything," he retorted, "also why I am tired of being poor." He put down his knife and fork and stared at her solemnly. "You want to know what I'm going to do with the first thousand dollars I make?"

"What?" she asked and real laughter came to her lips.

But his face was serious. "I am going to buy my mother new clothes from the skin out," he declared, "new shoes, new hat, gloves, handbag, everything at once. Say, would you help me pick out the clothes?"

He waited for her to nod and then went on: "She is a smallish woman—well, maybe a little bigger than you. I guess that's why I like a girl to be little. Yes, sir, that's where my first thousand goes. It's only after that I'm going to think of myself. Whatever is left over of the thousand is going to be put into the handbag and she is going to take a trip. I've thought it all out. She has always wanted to go to China. Don't ask me why anybody would want to go to China. But when she was in college there was a Chinese girl and they were friends. Now she may have to go to Mexico instead—or save her money if she wants to. She can't go fooling around in wars. I've told her that."

He was eating again, being plainly very hungry, but he was not thinking about his food.

"That's why you want money," she said.

But he frowned. "That's only the be-

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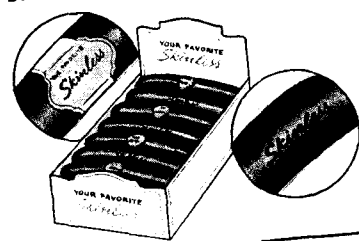
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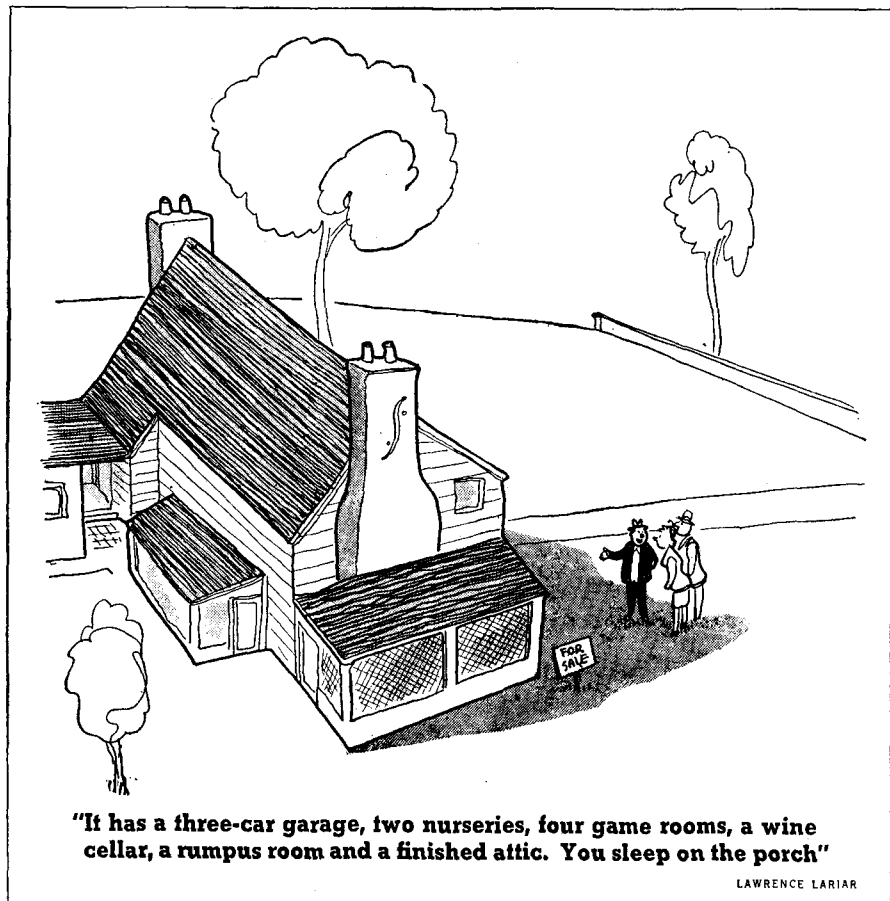


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ginning," he said. "What I really want money for is that it gives you freedom—and power. You're footloose if you have money. You can do what you want."

"No, you can't!" For her life she could not keep back the words. "I've seen it—in my boss—" she added hastily when he lifted his head at her cry.

"Oh, well—a woman," he said, "maybe things are different for a rich woman."

What she would have said to that remained unsaid, for at this moment he caught sight of her rings and his face went pale. He put down his knife and fork again, stared at the rings, and gulped some water from his tumbler. "Those rings," he stammered. "You—you—didn't have them on the other day. You didn't have on any rings."

She looked down at them. "They were my mother's," she said quietly.

He caught the finality in her tone. "Is she—"

"Yes, she is dead," she said. It was the first time she had said the words. But it was safe enough to say them here.

HE PUT out his hand swiftly and she felt it cover hers with a light touch.

"I'm sorry," he said, "and I've been talking about mine! I'm awfully sorry!"

She slipped her hand away. "Why should you be?"

"No," he said with eager regret, "I ought to have felt it—I ought to have thought or at least wondered. Was it—I hope it was a long time ago?"

"It seems—ages."

She smiled to keep her lips from quivering and took up her fork and he understood that she did not want to talk.

"Anyway," he said, "I'm glad the rings were hers." He still had his eyes on them. "Gosh, it gave me a fright for a moment—they're gorgeous rings—I knew a working girl couldn't—I mean I hoped they were only heirlooms or something."

"That is what they are," she said.

But they had barely time for dessert when to his horror his hour was gone. "I'd chuck it and risk my job," he said, "but I can't afford to do that—not now when I've met you. I can't miss a trick now."

She did not answer this. But when at the door he waited for a bus, grieving that he could not walk with her to her door or at least that they could not take the same bus, she waited with him because he begged her to wait and he towered over her, burning with his anxiety. "Listen, Elaine—I can call you that, can't I? And I'm Larch. Tomorrow? Oh, I know it sounds like a rush but honestly I've waited so long to meet you! Where have you been all these years? Gosh, to think I could have come to New York two years ago! Tomorrow? Here? I'll try not to have a date with the boss right after lunch. It was dumb of me today."

The bus came and he had to get on but he leaned out for her answer and when she hesitated he was about to get off again, and the driver roared at him and she had to nod because the bus was gathering speed.

But when she was home again she was glad he had made her promise. He had put a light into tomorrow that shone, a candle in the dark.

. . . At five she opened the door of the library. Her father was already there and with him his lawyer and a young man. She knew Mr. Wells and to the young man she was not introduced.

She sat down, thinking that her father looked exactly the same as—as before. If he had grieved he did not show it. His handsome, smooth face with its fine profile was not more pallid than usual. Her father, she had always understood, had a condition which was only just somewhat better than invalidism. Thus

as long as she could remember he spent little enough of his year here in this house and much of it away.

He was telling Mr. Wells about this when Elaine came in and when she had sat down he went on talking.

"The war is naturally the greatest possible inconvenience to me," he said in his resonant, cultivated voice, a voice that was like a splendid echo. "I need at this time to go to the German spa where I found such relief some years ago, but of course it is impossible to get there. And I do not believe there is anything like that spa in South America. I have inquired into the bottled water but I cannot procure even that."

"Ah," Mr. Wells said. He looked at his watch. "Mr. Barney is very late."

Mr. Barney was her mother's lawyer and Elaine spoke for him. "I think I hear him now."

The door opened and Mr. Barney was shown in at once. He was a short, stout, blunt-featured man who was almost entirely bald and he had no young man with him. He carried his own brief case, worn and patched, but still looking indestructible.

"Hello," he said, "I'm late."

"You are late," Mr. Wells replied. He hated all other lawyers and would have hated Mary Brian's lawyer in any case because he had never been able to persuade her that it was unnecessary for her to have a lawyer of her own. Not that he had ever dared to speak to her personally on the matter—he had only told Paul Brian very often what an advantage it would be to him if his wife's affairs were in his own lawyer's hands. Paul Brian had replied always with evasion. This, Mr. Wells knew, simply meant that Mary would not listen to him.

"So I am," Mr. Barney said cheerfully. He sat down, grinned at Elaine, nodded to her father, and wiped his bald head with an old yellow silk handkerchief he pulled out of his hip pocket. A white linen handkerchief remained a fixture in his breast pocket. "Well, it won't take long," he said briskly. "The will is short."

SILENCE followed his words. In the fireplace a burning log cracked suddenly with a small explosion. Mr. Wells composed himself and the young man took a notebook and a fountain pen from his pocket. Paul Brian sat motionless, his long pale hands folded together, his gray eyes fixed on the carpet. Elaine moved abruptly and turned her head to the tall windows. The sky was blue beyond and the branch of a white birch tree stretched across it. She felt catastrophe about to fall in the silence.

Mr. Barney took out an envelope and opened it, and began to mumble, "I, Mary Brian, being in my sound mind and—"

"Please read so that we can hear you," Mr. Wells said sharply.

Mr. Barney raised his voice suddenly and rolled out the heavy legal phrases like rocks down a hillside. They reverberated through the big room but Paul Brian, who could not bear noise, did not wince, and Elaine did not move.

The will was short indeed. Mr. Barney read it in less than two minutes. There were a few bequests to servants. To Paul Brian there was left nothing. "In consideration," the will said sternly, "of the fact that I have already bestowed many benefits upon my said husband, and in consideration that my husband has sufficient income from certain cash sums already given him by me in my lifetime." After this Mary Brian left all her millions to her only child, Elaine, "who has already attained her majority and needs no guardian," she said pointedly.

(To be continued next week)

"GOSH! I NEVER EXPECTED
YOU'D BE ON THE JOB TODAY
WITH THAT STOPPED-UP NOSE
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Shadow Over Hawaii

Continued from page 13

marine to the Atlantic's famous Bridge of Ships virtually abandoned Hawaii to its own scant resources. Only one ship plied to the mainland—and then Japan was our ally, not our foe.

Now Japan's submarines, and all her other possible forces, lurk to sink Hawaii's food ships.

But there is a Japanese fighter more dangerous to Hawaii than Japanese ships and planes. It is the large land snail *Achatina fulica*, which is known in Hawaii as the Japanese snail. It was smuggled into the Islands from Japan by Japanese residents of Hawaii. It is the strongest, meanest, hardest of the vast army of insect pests that we are fighting in order to save Hawaii from starvation and her military defenses from ineffectiveness.

In the war against insects the best we can ever hope for is a standoff. Certainly the insects, ancient enemy to human life on this planet, will never surrender—or be overwhelmed. It is estimated that there are more than 700,000 different kinds of insects on earth; with a total population uncountably huge. There are only about 40 inhabitants to each square mile of land area of the United States; 21 to each square mile of the total area of Russia; 36 in the British Empire. But the insect population, scientists believe, is more than 25,000,000 to each square mile; and perhaps as much as 100,000,000.

Deadlier Than Battleships

A large number of these insects are hostile. The United States employs more than 500 entomologists, spends at least \$10,000,000 each year to fight insects and to hold down our annual loss of a billion and a half dollars from their depredations. Insect tenacity is shown by the fact that the most serious agricultural pests of the time of World War No. 1 are *still on the dangerous list*.

"A beetle," entomologists will tell you, "is more dangerous than a battleship. One small bug can bring more tragedy, more destruction, to a countryside than a division of troops or an armada of warplanes."

Until December 7, 1941, Hawaii was little more than a romantic name to the majority of mainland United States citizens. On that day, the nature of the Islands became of most acute personal interest to every one of us.

American energy, capital, enterprise, redeemed Hawaii from cactus. The white man found here semidesert lowlands; uselessly forested uplands; to which the Polynesian natives themselves had come only within memorable times to grabble to satisfy their simple wants. At first the Islands served white men as whaling stations. Later, smart Americans saw virgin fields for two great world crops—sugar cane and pineapple. Neither was native; both were introduced from foreign lands. Hawaii's planters, large and small, found it most profitable to grow those two crops and pay high export prices for ordinary foods.

The militarists' first plan for solving the starvation danger greatly amused civilian Hawaii. They hoped to store huge quantities of seeds; and the moment war struck, up would come the cane and pineapples, and everybody would set to growing radishes, cabbages, spuds and onions for dear life. It was explained to them by agriculturists that nature cannot be disciplined like a man in a uniform or ordered about like a worker on a factory assembly line. Seeds must be fresh and won't keep in the climate of Hawaii.

In the various agricultural experiment stations in Hawaii now, intensive research is being conducted in emergency food possibilities and needs; in diet, and in conversion of certain cane and pineapple products to compressed edibles, vitamins in the bank for these shell-rainy days. An earnest campaign is also under way for diversified farming.

This inside Hawaii war on insects has parallel terms and activities for all the phases of human warfare. It has common soldiers and generals as well as lesser officers. It has allies, expeditionary forces, campaigns, spies, contraband, raiders, budgets—and blockade runners.

The generals are the entomologists; men like Pemberton, Carter Koebele, Muir and Lyon.

From their home base of operations in Honolulu they sally to remotest places of the earth to set up field bases. They seek allies as well as enemies; and the nature of both makes it necessary to invade fever-ridden jungles and beast-haunted forests along the equator—in Formosa, Brazil, India, Java, Fiji and many other places. They hear drums sometimes; not on pa-



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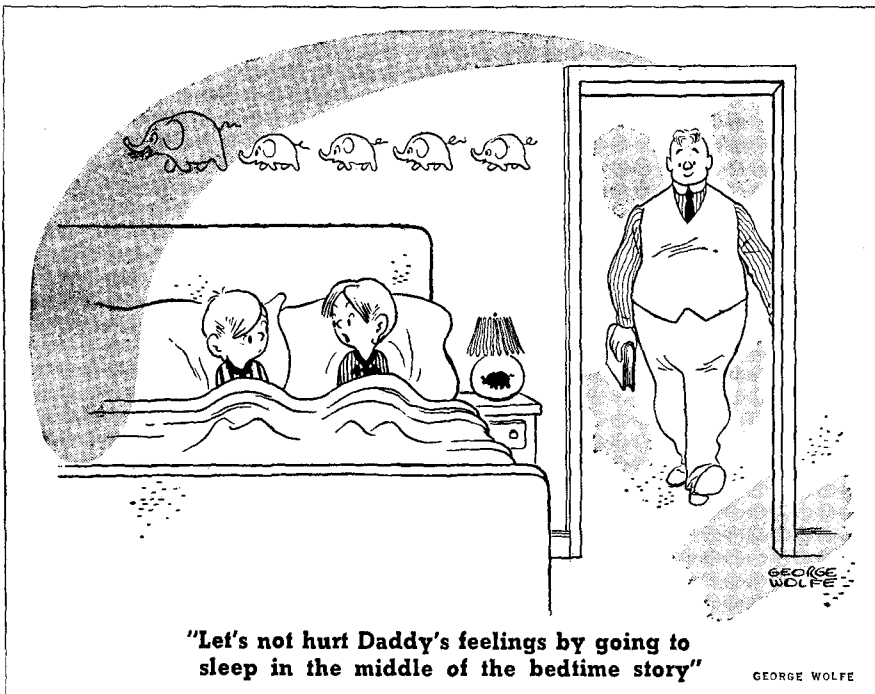
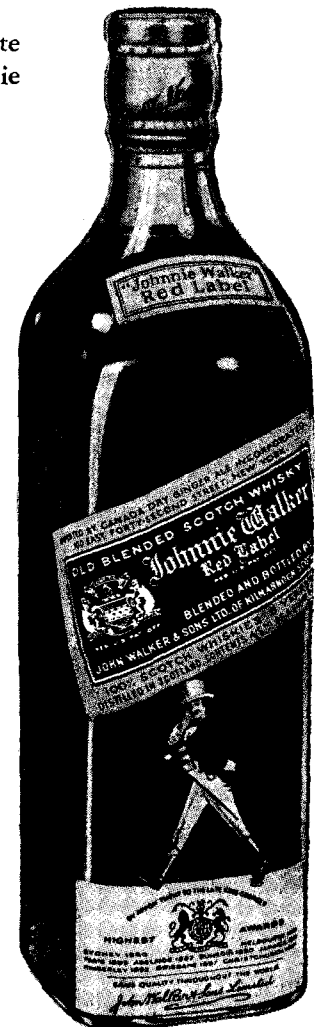
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rade, but skins thudded in the dark hills. They hear the spang of bullets sometimes, from hostile natives; more often they hear the angry buzz of venomous insects, the whiz of poisoned arrows.

Meanwhile, they fight, not with machine guns or hand grenades—but with pocket lens, hand nets, a tin full of quinine and a Boy Scout jackknife.

Long before Japanese planes dive-bombed Pearl Harbor, the fortress of Hawaii was invaded by other Japanese fighters, let through the defenses by a Jap behind the lines. They were Japanese snails.

"The capabilities of this plant enemy for destruction are enormous," say the entomologists. "Not only here in Hawaii. If they escape to the mainland they will be a more difficult foe than the Japanese beetle. This voracious land snail could wreck the whole truck-garden industry of the United States if it got out of control and bring about a national catastrophe."

"Excuse It, Please!"

That is why entomologists and police officials generally swung into action with their hair on end when it was discovered that the snail had broken through the quarantine lines of the Islands.

The find was by accident. A Honolulu resident wrote innocently to the Board of Agriculture and Forestry to ask advice on the care and feeding of his six pet snails. In jig time his parlor was filled with excited officials. The bewildered man said he had read in a local newspaper the ad of a Japanese on the island of Maui who raised the snails for medicinal purposes, for which they are greatly fancied in the Orient. The authorities descended upon the snail grower; found hundreds in his thriving back-yard colony. He said he had begun with twelve, imported by mail from a medicinal grower in Japan. He did not know it was wrong: "So sorry, excuse please!" He had eaten 425 snails himself and was in abounding health.

"The snail is not dangerous to sugar or pineapple; but let a batch get loose in your kitchen garden patch," said Entomologist Jarrett of Hong Kong in warning the residents there, "and probably in a single night they could consume the product of the whole season's devoted toil!"

This dangerous variety of snail is not a native of Japan, although he was introduced to Hawaii from there and is called Japanese locally. He comes from East Africa; comes so diligently and fast, indeed, despite his name and habits, that in three quarters of a century he has spread halfway around the earth, left immense damage in his slimy wake. In one village in Java, natives caught more than 2,000,000 in a single drive; in Ceylon, school children were hired to collect them until it was realized that the pest was beyond control, and numerous large estates formerly devoted to green manure and cover crops now lie barren. Singapore is overrun. The authorities there have for a long time fought back desperately, knowing that the snail was the unpublicized menace to that British stronghold. Yet, prior to the war, "letters to the Editor" Englishmen in the Straits Settlements seemed mostly concerned because the big snails got on their golf courses, impeding their drives and putts.

The snail grows to be five or six inches long, and is bi-sexual; unneedful of romance to lay 300 eggs a year. He is dangerous to all common garden and field vegetables, to many flowers, ornamental shrubs, trees—and it is chiefly his fault that Department of Agriculture inspectors give your baggage a thorough look-see when you sail back to the mainland.

Hawaii has several handicaps in its battle with insects. Birds, natural allies of man, are few there. The Islands are too far from the nearest mainland to be within migratory reach of the busy and useful songsters that wake you up summer mornings. Cane and pineapple being introduced, there were no native parasites, or enemies, to fight the insect foes which in one way or another managed to follow the plants to the Islands.

Cane has the greater list of enemies—the borer, leaf hopper, anomala beetle, Chinese grasshopper, army worm, others. Very little spraying or other mechanical measures are employed by the embattled sugar men. Rather, entomologists roam the world to find parasites, allies; also new varieties of cane to cross-breed strength and resistance into old.

Sugar cane originated in prehistoric times in Asia but is now generally cultivated in all warm regions. Chinese were growing it in Hawaii a few years after our Declaration of Independence. The cane borer, a beetle that feeds off growing stalks and kills the plant, was its first and foremost enemy.

Entomologist Frederick Muir left Hawaii to search for a borer parasite. He spent fruitless months wandering in South China, more in Java and Borneo. On Amboina, a small island in the Dutch East Indies, he found the borer in its natural home—jungles of sago palm. He settled to wait, watch, work, observe—and presently found a tachina fly whose offspring enter and feed upon the borer's cocoon.

To get your little allies to where you need them sometimes offers as great difficulty as the rushing of troops from front to front. Muir sent a consignment through Hong Kong; but all were dead before they reached that port, still not a third of the way to Hawaii. Muir patiently set out again to find the tachina in a place more conveniently located. He found them in New Guinea and this time he dispatched his boxes to Honolulu by way of Australia. But he was stricken with typhoid, the cages went to Honolulu unattended, and the flies all died. The following year the dogged Muir bore his allies toward the distant battle lines by easy stages. From New Guinea to Australia, where he paused to breed them. Then he moved his laboratory to Fiji and paused again to consolidate. But here he went to the hospital with malaria. First, however, he had transferred his flies into breeding cages and assistants were able to carry on. Muir had won, after four long years of hardship and privation, and the mind and body torments that accompany tropical ailments.

The End of the Mealy-Bug

Years ago Honolulu was no paradise for tourists or soldiers. The Islands were infected by mealy-bugs. Every tree, bush, plant was covered; every sidewalk and park bench was sticky and foul with the sooty mess these small, waxy, white bugs dropped. It is wholly probable that the beautiful public and private gardens of Honolulu would not have been in existence today; that the tourist business would never have been developed; that the lovely places on the streets behind Waikiki and Diamond Head and elsewhere on Oahu would have remained hot, dusty open fields, except that Entomologist Herbert T. Osborn, in Mexico on another mission, kept his eyes open. He saw his old friend the mealy, and he also saw a little bright yellow wasp that seemed to like nothing better than a mealy diet.

One living ally of Hawaii's defenses is a toad: the Bufo Marinus. Bufo is from the West Indies. Entomologist Pemberton fetched 149 of them from Puerto Rico in 1932. Within 5 years

the HSPA Experimental Station had bred and distributed more than a million of them. The total population of his kind now in the Islands, including those bred naturally after liberation, is enormous. So is its value—and the sum of its appetite.

Bufo has been known to weigh more than two and a half pounds, and since he is nearly all belly, there is only one thing for him to do and he does it all night long: eat. "Pretty soon," one plantation manager told me as we returned the warty stare of one of his unpaid workers, "I'm afraid we'll have to buy insects to supply these lads!"

Beetles, worms, roaches, flies, lizards, anything that Bufo's capacious mouth can encompass and that comes within reach of his darting tongue disappears into that bulging sack. Centipedes up to six inches long whose bite would put you or me into a hospital are an ordinary meal for Bufo—and one for which he has to work, on account of the viciously sharp multiple legs which clutch at his head and throat as he swallows it. His stomach lining must come from a naval gun foundry; for sting bees are tidbits to him. Careless apiarists, who leave their hives upon the ground, are not among Bufo's admirers; he can sit outside the door of a hive and decrease its population visibly in a night. Dogs get ill, sometimes even die, from biting the big toads; but after one such experience, pooches never again bite Bufo's head. Neither does the mongoose, which occasionally attempts to dine upon Bufo.

For Bufo is a twice valuable friend of man.

Behind his ears he carries glands full of a bitter liquid, from which adrenalin is extracted. Two toads will provide more of this valuable heart stimulant than can be drawn from the suprarenal glands of a fully grown cow. Shipments of Bufo juice have been sent to Johns Hopkins for test and experimentation. The stuff that gives unwary dogs of Hawaii stomach-ache may one day save your life.

Meanwhile, put this fat, ugly fellow down as a soldier of the United States. For he is out there fighting for us in the gardens and farms of Hawaii every night, patrolling, killing our enemies, eating those pests which, if they get out of control, can atrophy the muscles of Hawaii's billion-dollar arms. It is conceivable, entomologists say, that one day you may see a memorial statue of Bufo, with a congressional medal upon his abdomen, high on Diamond Head military reservation.

Certainly, along with those stone, bronze, and iron heroes of past wars who sit in solid gallantry in our parks, there should be statues in quieter molds of the entomologists who fight in the insect war. This will give you the idea:

Recently Entomologists Pemberton and Lennox went on a typical adventure—into the cannibal fastnesses of New Guinea, where the lushness of the wild

thickets suggests that here is the cradle of all cane. Their wives went along. By chartering airplanes the expedition sometimes covered in one hour distances that would normally require a month of footing through jungles, malarial swamps, and the haunts of savage little Papuans who are not above a dish of their fellows, white or black. Eventually the entomologists got home, with important hauls of new cane blood.

But the point is that in the early stages they traveled by small boats among the remote outer islands of the Australian Mandated Territory. Off New Hanover a storm hit. Their engine failed. The boat was smashed on the reef, just as its company managed to scramble ashore. Now they were genuine castaways in a forsaken place with no apparent means of getting away. But Pemberton figured it was nothing less than an Act of Providence—for in a sago swamp, behind the beach, he found a hitherto unknown insect feeding upon the larvae of the cane borer!

Our Most Important Blockade

Just as important in the insect wars as in real warfare is the blockade. Insects are tireless, enterprising gadders. They use, in addition to their own means of locomotion, everything available—birds, animals, plants, the wind, trains, ships. Hawaii is perhaps the most closely quarantined place on earth. Ships approaching there must fling overboard all the fresh fruits in their galleys, all flowers from public and private rooms.

The airplane gave a new method of globe-trotting to man's smallest foes. Germs and insects which could not survive long ship journeys began to spread by the quicker plane trips. In Hawaii the coming of air service was especially perilous—indicating a possible breach in rigid blockade lines, which the entomologists solved by establishing an outpost on Midway Island, 1,400 miles northwestward of Honolulu. An entomologist, stationed there, fine-combed eastbound planes.

Soon after this insect filter was begun, entomologists in the Orient were attempting to send home to Honolulu collections of beneficial insects— allies. The shipments would be all right when they reached Midway; kapoot when they reached Honolulu.

It was irritating, costly and puzzling both to the field entomologists and those at home anxiously awaiting the parasites. After several cases of dead bugs had been dumped on the laboratory tables in Honolulu, an entomologist was sent to accompany the next lot on its whole trip. The mystery of the blockade which was so effective that even friends couldn't get by was solved in short order.

The man at Midway was too zealous. He had been fumigating the plane without first removing the boxes containing the good little bugs.

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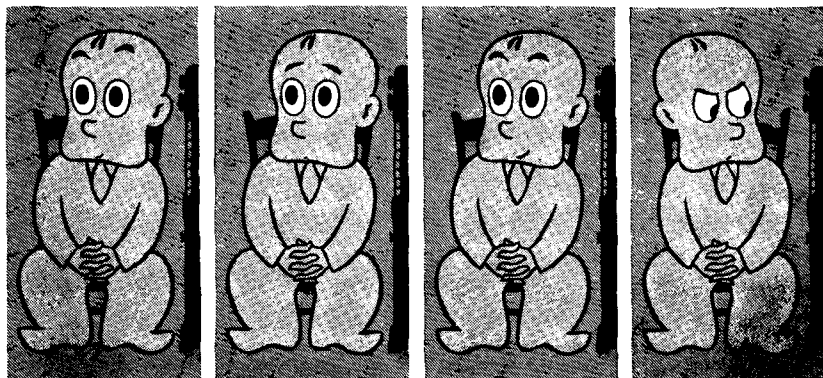
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Three News Items and a Commercial

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WHAT ORGANIZATION AFTER VICTORY?

Better Luck This Time

OF COURSE, the biggest job now facing the Allied nations is the job of winning the war. But as Prime Minister Churchill suggested in his historic speech before the United States Congress (which incidentally was the finest speech we ever heard), it is not too early to do some thinking about what we shall do with the victory which most of us now have high hopes of winning, despite occasional and present setbacks.

Mr. Churchill speaks of some sort of Anglo-American alliance after the war, to keep the peace and reopen blocked trade channels as fast as possible.

That may be the answer, details to be worked out later.

On this side of the Atlantic, the most widely urged scheme just at present is the Union Now plan of Clarence K. Streit and associates. This would be a world union of democratic nations, set up along United States constitutional lines, each country to pool some of its sovereign powers, even as our original Thirteen States pooled some of their powers in 1789 in order to form a strong nation. Other nations would be admitted to this world union as fast as they showed themselves ready for democracy.

There was also the late President Woodrow Wilson's plan for a League of Nations; and there may be such a plan again. In favor of the League, as Wilson envisioned it, this much at least must be conceded: That it left ample leeway for Americans to go on being Americans, Britons to go on being Britons, Russians to go on being Russians, etc., while binding all member nations to act together to relieve stresses and strains that threatened war anywhere.

We're not committed to any plan for post-war international co-operation. But we do earnestly believe this general proposition: That when the Allies win this war, it will be suicidal for us to sag apart as we did after the previous World War.

We must have better luck this time at pre-

serving the peace and spreading some measure of contentment around the world than we had last time, or the world is likely to go to smash next time. While we fight this war, we should all give ample thought to the question of what to do after it is won, so that there can be an informed and intelligent public opinion ready for action in the Allied countries as soon as peace arrives.

Let's have widespread and serious discussion of the Churchill alliance suggestion that may be advanced for postwar world management. This time, we've just about got to know where we're going, even while we're on our way.

When in Doubt, Shut Up

THE best wartime advice for civilians, we think, is to keep quiet in public places about anything you may know directly or indirectly, concerning troop or ship movements anywhere on the world map.

You may have received a cryptic message from your boy in camp, indicating that his outfit is leaving for some place whose location you can guess from the message. Or you may not have heard from him for a longer time than the little rascal habitually lets pass between letters home. Or from some other source you may have formed a reliable hunch that he is on the move somewhere, with a lot of his comrades in arms.

Well, just keep it to yourself, and perhaps a few trusted friends—though the fewer the better.

Already in this war there have been instances of unguarded saloon or street corner or movie theater or restaurant remarks getting into interested hostile ears and leading to serious leaks about troop or ship movements. There were a flock of such cases in the other war.

Civilian talkativeness is a persistent danger in any country at war. It can lead sometimes to serious trouble for the nation's armed forces in some theater of action—and the person who

dropped the original remark would usually rather cut off his right hand than knowingly cause that kind of trouble.

One of the best ways to serve your country at this time—and a hard way for plenty of people—is simply to keep your mouth shut.

Editorial by Biddle

ATORNEY GENERAL FRANCIS BIDDLE delivered himself of a few remarks on employer discrimination in this country against persons having foreign names. Mr. Biddle's opinions were so well stated that we merely quote them here:

I should like to point out to employers that many of the "foreigners" they have discharged now have sons serving in our Army and Navy. Among those who died fighting off the treacherous attacks upon Manila and Pearl Harbor were men named Wagner and Petersen and Monzo and Bossini and Mueller.

To bar aliens from employment is both shortsighted and wasteful. Our country needs the skills and services of every able-bodied and loyal person, citizen or alien, and to deprive it of such services is an economic waste and a stupid error.

It is the stated policy of the federal government that there shall be no discrimination in the employment of workers in defense industries because of race, creed, color or national origin.

Under law, there is only one restriction: In the case of secret, confidential or restricted government contracts, and in the case of contracts for aircraft parts or accessories, the employer must secure permission from the head of the federal department concerned for the employment of aliens.

Speaking of Wake Island

What ever happened to the idea that this generation of Americans had gone soft?

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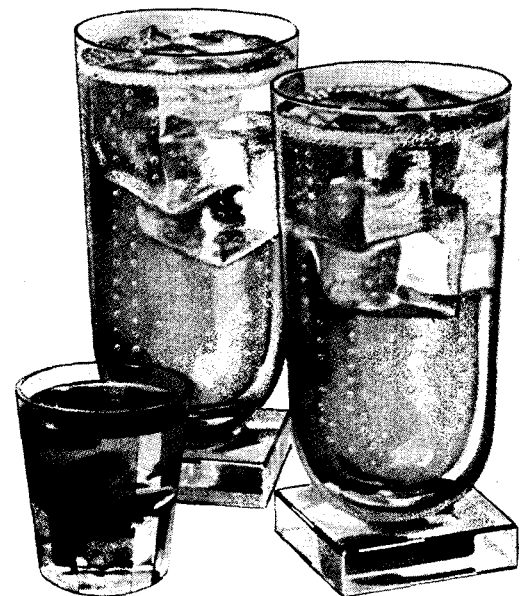
TEN HIGH with a whacking big flavor-bonus added! With a bonus of velvety smoothness added! With an extra birthday added!

As before, it's all whiskey... mellow straight bourbon. But now even more distinguished for the delicate lightness of

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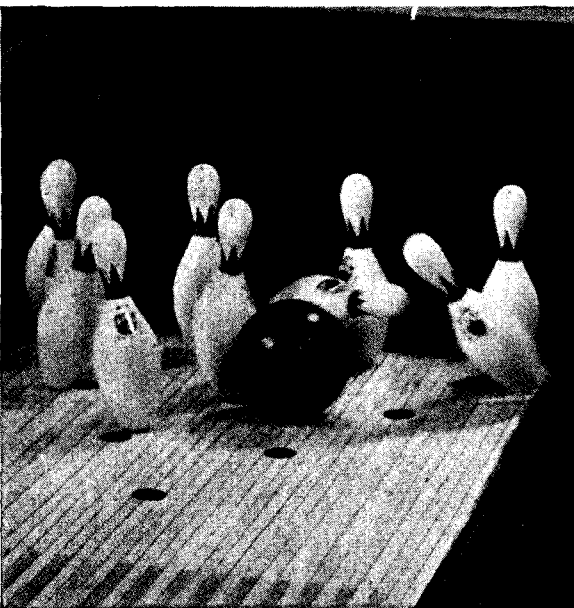
"SET 'EM UP" —FOR CHAMPION LOWELL JACKSON



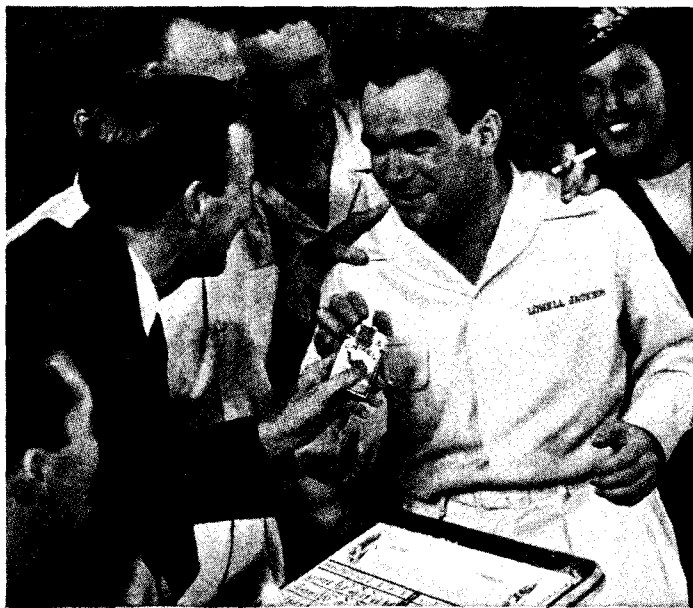
AND SET UP THE CAMELS, TOO
Whether you're in there bowling your-
self—or just watching—nothing hits the
spot like a cool, flavorful Camel

TALK ABOUT your wood-gettin' wonder! You're looking right at him — "Low" Jackson of St. Louis, 1941 All-American, captain of the world's match game champions, and possessor of one of the highest-scoring hooks in bowling today. Light up a slower-burning Camel and watch this champion of champions in action.

THERE'S A SWIFT FLASH of the arm. The snap of a wrist. The ball whirls down the alley. Take a good long look at the way "Low" Jackson tossed that one — that's an All-American hook. Close to the gutter. Three-quarters of the way down, she starts to break — straight for the slot. Watch it now—it's—



C-R-A-S-H! A perfect hit! The very sound of 'em fall-
ing sets you tingling all over. Like a homer with the
bases loaded...a hole in one...like the full, rich flavor
of a certain cigarette, it never fails to thrill. No matter
how much you smoke, there's always a fresh, welcome
taste to a Camel—for Camels are free from excess heat,
milder with less nicotine in the smoke.



THE SCORE-BOARD tells the story. More smokers
prefer Camels than any other cigarette...smokers like
Lowell Jackson to whom mildness is so important...
smokers who want a flavor that doesn't tire the taste...
smokers who want more out of a cigarette than some-
thing to carry in hand or pocket. You'll never know
what you've been missing until you smoke Camels.



TWENTY TIMES "Low" Jackson (above) has rolled the
perfect score (300). Every time he lights up a
Camel he smokes with the assurance of modern lab-
oratory science that in the smoke of milder, slower-
burning Camels there is less nicotine (see below, left).
Get a package of slower-burning Camels today, and
smoke out the facts for yourself.

The *smoke* of slower-burning
Camels contains
**28% LESS
NICOTINE**

than the average of the 4 other
largest-selling brands tested—less than
any of them—according to independent
scientific tests of *the smoke itself!*

By burning 25% slower
than the average of the
4 other largest-selling
brands tested — slower
than any of them —
Camels also give you a
smoking *plus* equal, on
the average, to

**5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!**



Camel
—the Cigarette of
Costlier
Tobaccos

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.